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PHOTON

THE EXORCIST
ISLAND OF
LOST SOULS
THE GOLDEN VOYAGE
OF SINBAD



PHOTON

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PHOTON PHOTO
A scene from the 1932 classic
ISLAND OF LOST SOULS

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COVER

Bill Nelson offers his interpretation of the child/demon, Regan (Linda Blair) from the film, THE EXORCIST.

BACK COVER

Max von Sydow is Father Merrin, THE EXORCIST. Drawn by Bill Nelson.

DEDICATION

This issue is dedicated to the memory of BUD ABBOTT, who joins his partner, Lou Costello, and so many other individuals who are an integral part of fantasy film history.

EMANATIONS

Films of fantasy and imagination have gone through some heavy changes in the last decades. What once sparked a theatrefull of screams now only launches laughter. The bizarre of yesterday has, in many cases, become the banal of today as horror-hardened audiences become desensitized to almost any manifestation of evil.

Still, there occasionally emerges a bit of cinematic invention that succeeds in assaulting even the most shock-satiated senses. *THE EXORCIST* is such a film. Or, rather, such a phenomenon. Certainly no mere film could create such a fever. The public has exalted it, the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences has ignored it and fans, well, fans are somewhat divided. Most, it would seem, have been suitably impressed. It is not often that a picture has such a powerful emotional effect even upon that small segment of the audience who habitually view horror movies. Comparisons with 2001 were quick to surface and some fans hoped, however much against hope, that *THE EXORCIST* would usher the genre through the ticket-taker of respectability.

There are some fans, though, who were not so impressed. Appalled, disgusted or outraged might be more accurate descriptions of the feelings involved. Some seem to think the film an elaborate put-on or, in terms of results, a rip-off. A few think it reprehensible. And dangerous.

Although every fantasy film publication extant has (or will soon have) turned its attention to *THE EXORCIST*, we could hardly resist the temptation of exploring the phenomenon in our own fashion. First, Ron Borst offers a very personal account of how he was affected by the picture. Then David MacDowell provides an alternative viewpoint. To put it all in perspective, let me say that the two articles were written independently, without consultation on the part of the authors. David's was completed prior to the release of the new

Bantam paperback, William Peter Blatty on the *EXORCIST*, from novel to film.

THE *GOLDEN VOYAGE OF SINGAPORE*, a long-awaited adventure featuring the stop-motion wizardry of Ray Harryhausen, represents screen entertainment diametrically opposed to *THE EXORCIST*, yet no less fascinating in etiology. From the earliest announcements it was evident that *GOLDEN VOYAGE* would occupy a strategic position in the history of the Fantasy film.

When a shooting script calls for a creature from prehistory, mythology or the depths of the writer's psyche, three-dimensional animation is unsurpassed in lending reality to the illusion. It is also unsurpassed in cost and production time, a fact which has deterred most producers, even those who understand it, from making much of it.

The fate of this art dangled precariously on the edge of obsolescence for a number of years and for a time it looked as though the television commercial would be its sole media outlet. A lot of future hopes and dreams for the animation film was invested in *GOLDEN VOYAGE* and, while it is still too early for any definite statements, it would seem as though the cause is on its way to vindication. Still awaiting release in many parts of the country, *GOLDEN VOYAGE* has passed the acid test at the box office. Columbia Pictures, quite thrilled with its success, has already approached Charles Schneer and requested that he begin work on the next project. Rumor has it that they would want the new film to be in 3-D, altho that would present several new technical problems. There is no word as of this writing concerning Mr. Harryhausen's reaction.

The rest of the current issue reflects our policy of attempting to balance contemporary genre coverage with examinations of past efforts.

Frank Dello Scritto dissects some of the allegorical implications of a most interesting and controversial picture, *ISLAND OF LOST SOULS*; Paul Jensen reports on his visit to the set of the most extravagant Ancient film to date, *THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT*; Mark and Susan McGee's brief chats with John Agar, Richard Carlson and Jeff Morrow are more entertaining than informative, as actors who have appeared in fantasy films, especially as contract players, don't always have strong convictions about the genre; and Paul Mandell gives us a look at the career of John P. Fulton, a man responsible for so many cinema miracles from invisible men to burning bushes.

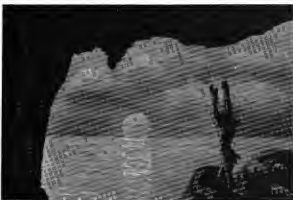
Several columns appear in this issue which we hope you will find of more than passing interest. "Film Fans and Fandom" will be a forum for articles about fandom itself, and the people [you and I] who comprise it. Don Willis' "Cinema Bookshelf" will bring you reviews of interesting books and publications as well as related pieces concerning film checklists and rare movies.

Please remember that we need feedback from each of you if we hope to survive. As a fanzine, PROTON is dependent on its readership for financial support, criticism and comments. It is so often disappointing to see so very few letters of comment on an issue that was distributed to many thousands of fans. Won't you please take a moment to put your thoughts about this issue (and ideas for future issues) down on paper?

Next issue, we hope to bring you an exciting feature on *CURSE OF THE DEMON*, among a few surprises.

See you then.

Mark Frank



FRANK DELLO STRITTO was born in Hoboken, New Jersey in 1930 and has lived in that city for most of his life. He received a bachelors degree in physics and a masters in ocean engineering from Stevens Institute of Technology. He is currently studying toward a Ph.D.

Frank's interest in films developed at a rather late age (17, quite a late for most film enthusiasts), and his fascination soon settled on Bela Lugosi and horror films. Always more of a historian than a film aesthete, Frank comments: "The history of the horror film is so much more cohesive and intricate than the histories of westerns, musicals and other genres. I'm endlessly fascinated by the interactions between the artists and studios who made the films by the personalities of both the filmmakers and the characters they created."

For several years, Frank has devoted great effort to the life of Bela Lugosi. He has researched in most of the cities Lugosi visited, digging up old interviews and press reports. Also, he has reviewed a good many official documents that Lugosi submitted during his life (marriage papers, licenses, etc.). "I'm not a gossip-monger," says Frank, "the intimate details are none of my business. However, Lugosi's life is a tragic, real-life saga with touches on many meaningful points. I want to know what forces drove him. How much did his own shortcomings contribute to his end? How much was he ruled by masters beyond his control? The enigmas of his life, and his career in films, make him one of the most interesting figures in all of film history." ["Island of Lost Souls"]

DAVID MacDONALL was born in Boharwood, Herts, during the Bayham spring of 1945. He saw his first film at age 4 and never quite recovered from the experience.

In 1950, he moved to the United States, which may somehow account for his rather schizophrenic personality. He studied at the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, then embarked upon a career in various areas of the performing and recording arts. This embraced work in the legitimate theatre; with Mary Griffin, on television, and employment by a major motion picture corporation.

He has collaborated with luminaries of the cinema scene on ventures including a book about horror movies, and several screen plays. Interspersed with all this activity, he has traveled the world in search of adventure. His main source of recreational stimulation during the past quarter-century has been in viewing flicks—many of them with a fantastical orientation.

He is currently living in New York City, "between engagements," and could use any lawful assistance. Lacking a recent photograph, he has resisted the age-old fanish temptation to offer his regrets due to radi-

tion scars. ["THE EXORCIST"]

PAUL R. MANDELL was born in New York City in 1947 and became intrigued with motion picture techniques and fantastic films early in childhood. He was weaned on the creature cycle of the 50's with a little help from FJA and his magazine (he goes back to the formative days of *PM J!*). His interest in visual effects and their important contribution to film fantasy solidified in his early teens, and it was at that point that he began to seriously study the procedures for making men invisible and allowing stoptom dinosaurs to rule the earth. (Görün, Harryhausen and Fulton became his prime figures of interest. Having had filmmaking experience in addition to a flair for writing, he decided to channel his enthusiasm into critiques and analyses of what made these pictures tick and the reasons behind their intrigue.

He holds a degree in Fine Arts and has begun working for the masters in cinema studies at New York University. During the summer of '73, he created the animated titles and film sequences for an NBC pilot, *THE NUTS AND BOLTS OF MUSIC*, which employed an interesting variety of Chromatey visual effects. On the basis of this issue's article on John P. Fulton, Paul was given a grant to do a research project with effects cinematographer



David S. Horsley for the archives of the American Film Institute. He is presently in the process of compiling interviews and data for an in-depth, behind-the-scenes account tentatively titled, *The Unofficial P & C of a Fantasy Factory*. ["John P. Fulton"]

MARK MCGEE has been interested in fantasy and horror movies ever since he saw his first (TARANTULA) when he was eight. He was instrumental in creating the current interest in stop-motion animation effects through his articles in Ace Mack's *Kampfire Cryptid*—a fanzine that folded immediately after Mark became associate editor—and by organizing

The Ray Harryhausen Appreciation Club, which disbanded shortly after Mark saw *JASON AND THE ARGONAUTS*. (Mark's own ideas of becoming an animator were disbanded shortly after viewing his first experimental films.) With a completely erroneous opinion of his own importance, Mark turned his efforts to writing where, despite his caustic and arrogant remarks concerning other movies of the genre, he added to the enormous list of sci-fi & horror bombs by writing and co-directing *EQUINOX*. Mark fled to the Army where he proved completely inept in Army Intelligence. Returning to civilian life, Mark teamed up with his long-time friend, R. J. Robertson, and together they have written a series of fantasy-related movie scripts, none of which have sold. An effort to "sell out" proved disastrous when even AIP couldn't fawn interest in their black exploitation screenplay. Referred to by his friends as Mark McEuffin or Mark McMovies, you'll now find him exactly where he belongs, trapped among the pages of *PHOTON*. ["The Monster Fighters"]



SUSAN MCGEE is an English literature major/American history minor who has been a fan of fantastic films since she was introduced to the genre 10 years ago. Aside from her scholastic background, she is also schooled in photography and the arts, and knowledgeable about many areas of filmmaking, altho she has never aspired to a career in the industry.

A resident of Arcadia (a suburb of Los Angeles) California, Susan has been involved in numerous local film projects (beginning with the original *EQUINOX*) where she has served in various capacities.

She is a member of the California Scholarship Federation and has placed in statewide music competitions. Currently, she has been training toward a career in banking, and eventually plans to go into management in international banking. ["The Monster Fighters"]

DREAM HOME, a premiere singy with Mark Lester. Genetie production plans had in air for Carchedonian locations. The British film **THE HOLLOWHOUSE** will be distributed by 20th Century Fox.

Robert BOR. PHILES First directed the futuristic sci-fi movie **THE FINAL PROGRAM** Executive producer Joel Shalit is still busy on a new version of **QUILLIVER'S TRAVELS**, made in association with the Between studies of Buzeta Film a combination of live action (Marking Richard Harris) and cartoon animation (of Raymond Libani). Producer Richard Gordon's closing company will distribute **HORROR HOSPITAL** in the U.S. it's a gory number with Michael Gough.

David Meier is an unlikely Gaudy Canada in the British-filmed **VAMPIRE**, for Columbia Pictures. The psychological suspense from **VOICES** stars David Hemmings and David Hemmings. It's directed by Kevin Brownlow, who is also slated to handle a film from Richard L. Ditz's **The Oath**. Lastly, if completed, will no doubt undergo a title change due to the famous Thomas Thym movie.

FRANCE

Rod Steiger heads **BLACK COBRA**, a Franco-German coproduction, and Jerry Lums in a possible candidate for the star of Alan Jouan's horror-comedy property, **BDNJOUR M. FRANKENSTEIN**. Jouan mostly acted in France with a tragic story about a sword slumbering wherein unorthodox experiments have young workers being utilized to regenerate the elderly rich by a serum extracted from their bodies.

THE CAT is derived from a book by Georges Bernanos. **CELESTIAL BEINGS** is a French-Canadian film by Gino Carli about a mad priest. Alan Chao stars with Anne Girard in both **COLD BLOODED KILLER** and **SHOCK TREATMENT (TRAITEMENT DE CHOIX)**.

Pierre Clément heads the cast of **MAJINOSH IN THE HOUSE**, by director Jacques Becker. Michael Piccoli appears in **THEMROC**, a cartoon yarn, and we have yet to see the recent French film series, **THE VAMPIRES**.

ITALY

Italy is one of the foremost producers of monster pictures in the world today and certainly are coming out in force with a great variety of mystery and terror type films. Not all of them will reach these shores, probably, but it's nevertheless interesting to look over their vast production schedules of these films.

Already here is Andy Warhol's 3-D version of **FRANKENSTEIN**, filmed at the New Century studios of Rome in just four weeks. Word has it that two versions of the **FRANKENSTEIN** film (sometimes listed as **The Last Things in Transylvania**) were completed. In one, we see Joe Galliano as the monster, in the other, he's the doctor through. The Andy Warhol-Paul Montagna-Carlo Ponti team have also completed **BLOOD FOR DRACULA** back to back with the **Frankenstein** item, also in a four week schedule. This one is not in the dimensional gimmick process.

Another Italian-filmed **Frankenstein** spot is **FRANKENSTEIN'S CASTLE OF FREAKS**, produced by Classic Film International and released in the U.S. by Aquarius. Filmed as **THE MONSTERS OF FRANKENSTEIN**, it was distributed overseas as **THE HOUSE OF FREAKS**. Classic Film International also has other projects of this sort, including **BLACK ICE**, **ON BLACK AND MR. HYDE**, by producer Oak Rendell, tentatively with Woody Strode as a black man who becomes a white monster (Christopher Lee), and **WOLF WOMAN**, possibly with Peter Cushing and Christine Reyes.

ALL THE COLORS OF DARKNESS by Sergio Martino is an Italian Spanish co-production, as is **WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO SOLANGE?**, a mystery thriller by Massimo DeLeonno.

P.E.A. has something called **CHOICE CUTS**, with a Marsh Parker script. And our choice for the title of the month comes in the Italian parody **A CLOCKWORK BANANA**.

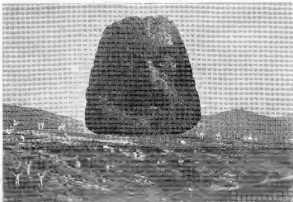
Foreign Pictures of the U.S. have distributed two F.I.G.A. Italian productions in this country, those being **THE HORRIBLE SICK VAMPIRE** and the prehistoric comedy, **WHEN WOMEN PLAYED LONG LONG** (and Jerry Victor March?). And we'd all like to visit Italy's **ISLAND OF PROHIBITED PLAGUES**.

TALES OF MYSTERY AND IMAGINATION, another French-Italian co-production, is doing well in Italy. Director Jules Fein's **Thelma** handles **THOSE CRUEL AND BLOODY VAMPIRES** for TriStar. Film and producer Joe Maria Giannini, **TWITCH OF THE DEATH NERVE** has been distributed in the U.S. by Helmark.

U.F.O., a feature film paced from the British newspaper, has been a good grosser in Europe. Arizona Margherita, no stranger to Italian sets, is slated for producer Carlo Pini's **WHISKEY AND CHICKS**. Finally, **THE WOMAN BURIED ALIVE** (SOPOLTA VIVA) has been completed by Euro International.

(Continued on page 37)

TOP: Laurence Harvey brandishes a cleaver in a bloody scene from **Vampires' Welcome To Arrow Beach**. **MIDDLE:** The giant snake head that represents **SALUD** from the Fox film now in release. **BOTTOM:** Bobby Fero as Ahu, a primitive man in **THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT**.



FILM FANS & FANDOM

MARK FRANK



Generalizations are always dangerous, but I feel comfortable enough for a sweeping statement regarding everyone who is reading these words. You are, I would say, an individual who has derived some enjoyment, satisfaction or otherwise pleasurable state of internal affairs from the viewing of a fantasy film.

The big question, then, is why?

What is there about this genre of filmmaking that has attracted so large a following? Why has an entire population formed an aggregation known at certain times with affection and, occasionally, with derision as fandom?

What the devil is this thing called film fandom?

What exactly is this phenomenon which most people agree is a progeny of a parent organism called science fiction fandom, some people feel is closely related to mainstream film appreciation, and still others are convinced is not at all kin to the human race?

It will be the purpose of this column, in issues to come, to explore these and other questions concerning fans and fandom. It seems only fitting that we—who are so fond of analyzing and critiquing the merits and demerits of films and filmmakers—should now turn our insight inward so as to get a better idea of what makes us tick.

The most interesting facet of any special interest group is, ultimately, not the subject matter which is studied but, rather, the students themselves. The fans. Us.

Anyone who has ever attended a film-oriented convention (or a science fiction

convention of any sort) may have mixed emotions, depending upon the degree of his own involvement and his willingness to accept individual differences. Certainly, to those outside of our fanish circle, fans are weird little people. Oddly enough, many fans feel the same way.

In the first volume of his monumental trilogy covering the fantastic cinema, Walt Lee adroitly what has flitted through the minds and ears of most of us at one time or another. Namely, why would anyone who is past his fourteenth birthday bother with such a ludicrous pastime? This is in keeping with a public attitude which holds that anyone past his fourteenth birthday who does bother with such a ludicrous pastime must, almost by definition, be an immature social cretin incapable of appreciating any meaningful art form and suffering from an obviously arrested development. The stereotype also includes elements of intellectual impairment, psychopathic moral fiber and sexual inadequacy.

Most stereotypes have some basis in reality, however tenuous. We're no exception. With all the rationalizations, all the legitimate references to such factors as fascination for the unknown, beneficial cathartic influences and aesthetic appreciation for an imaginative media, we are still forced to admit that a field of interest such as ours seems to attract a disproportionate number of what some might call societal malfits.

Critics never cease to realize that similar statements can be made about such traditional hobby groups as philatelists, baseball buffs or chess champions. Some, in fact, have made a very good case in favor of fantasy film fans, pointing

out that they seem—at least on the surface—to be more intelligent, creative, dedicated and cubane than other types of hobbyists.

We like to investigate some of these issues in greater depth, along with a host of other topics, intrinsically interesting because they all deeply concern us in a very personal fashion. Some of the items which immediately come to mind are:

The psychology of the film fan -- Is there a personality type or type more likely to adhere to "deviant" interests? Is there one more likely to criticize fans & fandom? Why are we more interested in fantasy films than notebook covers?

Fandom vs. the world -- How does the hobby affect us in our everyday lives? What do we do when faced with the typical derogatory response after we announce our interests? Are fans more apt to be employed in certain areas as opposed to others? How is it that a hobby occasionally becomes a way of life?

The financial aspects of collecting -- Why are certain pieces of paper from the 1915th worth \$500? (Worth it, at least, to the collector who will inadvertently raise the price of all film-related items.) Some collectors place greater importance on obtaining a one-sheet than they do on retaining a friend.

The history of film fandom -- Science fiction fandom has been lovingly chronicled by numerous researchers in a variety of books and publications. It's time we traced our own lineage.

What goes on at conventions -- Who attends? Why? Do most attendees find it to be worth the time, trouble and expense? Conventions have different meanings for different fans; we'd like to explore a number of viewpoints.

Individual fan personality profiles -- The column can be used to illustrate the fanish habits of people who are associated with the hobby.

If you consider yourself a fan (and even if you don't), please look upon this as your column. Each of you has an open invitation to contribute, either directly or via comments and suggestions.

For many of us, fandom is more than a mere hobby. Let's indulge ourselves a little.

—Mark Frank

An interest in researching credits, casts and plots of old horror movies obviously presupposes an interest in old horror movies, but not every horror film fan collects thousands of file cards of cast and credit information on the subject. So, it isn't just a passion for THE VAMPIRE BAT or REVOLT OF THE ZOMBIES that drives someone to compose a check list of "fantasy films." I got my start (what horror fan in the past 15 years hasn't?) from *Fandom Monthly*. In 1960 (Issue #8, September, to be exact), Walt Lee (whose *Reference Guide to Fantasy Film* is now complete in 3 volumes) published his first fantasy film checklist before *JM* even began, so I can't say what it was exactly that first got him into making lists. But it was the pioneering articles on *Jekyll and Hyde* movies, Edgar Allan Poe films, "giant" movies, robot pictures, "prehistoric" films, etc., and the rare stuff from "rare" films. In the early issues of *JM* that hooked me. Editor Forrest J Ackerman and his writers, including Walt Lee, didn't miss any obvious titles in their ransackings of horror-movie history and they occasionally came up with some stunners (e.g. pages from THE STRANGE CASE OF CAPTAIN RAMPEN, THE YOUNG DIANA, THE VANISHING SHADOW, etc.).

At that time, I couldn't know it, but those odd, forgotten

CINEMA BOOKSHELF

DONALD C. WILLIS

titles were only the beginning. (At that time I also could not know that Walt Lee was at work on a sequel to his first project. In fact, I hadn't even seen his first until about 1965, when he was already far into the larger work, the huge *Reference Guide*.) Walt has suggested that the "unique appeal of fantastic films stems from our curiosity about things beyond our normal experience and knowledge," and I think an analogy can be drawn between the appeal of fantastic films and the pleasure of researching them. From the beginning, I was as intrigued by the stills free and date on lost films in *JM* as I was the info on the shockers I was seeing on *The Gate Show* (Sacramento Channel 3's version of *Shock Theatre*). This wasn't packaged information like you got in schools, where the names, dates & facts are all laid out for you. This was stuff you couldn't find in ordinary reference sources.

Part of the appeal of early *JM* lay in the inaccessibility to the average filmbuff of the facts and figures it presented. [They came from the files of FJA, Lee and from foreign correspondents.] *JM* covered not only the familiar and the favorite, but also the obscure and unknown.

In Sacramento, those facts and figures were really inaccessible. My only decent source of info were the Sacramento Dec library and the state library. Rumoring through 35 years of *Poison Magazine* reviews and microfilm of old New York Times, I did, however, come across a few goodies like SCARLET WITNESS (1931 Columbia, trained ape, dark collars, etc.), *MURDER BY INVITATION* (1941 Monogram, hooded murderer, secret rooms, etc.), and *STRANGE PEOPLE* (1933 Chesterfield, THE OLD DARK HOUSE ret.). Little gems of discovery like these kept me going. I was apparently far enough "beyond normal knowledge" in this

area to discourage another Sacramento horror fan (Pete Beckman) from continuing his checklist. (If he hadn't stopped then, probably would have.) Collecting common titles and info wasn't enough by itself -- I had to feel I was breaking new ground as well as firming up the old.

In Los Angeles, in 1966, at UCLA, I found a lot of new ground--and competition. Walt Lee whose first (and, as he admits, primitive) list I had just seen the year before, showed me the files he had been accumulating on science fiction, horror and fantasy films. That great, unexplored territory of last horror movies suddenly seemed even greater. And, unfortunately for me, already partly explored. Even then, 6 years before he published volume one of his *762*, he had the amount of research he had done was intimidating. So much for pioneering.

Two things, primarily, kept me involved. His list wasn't quite the same as mine; and I did come across some titles that he either did not have or needed corroboration on. At that time I had no prospects of publishing my list and simply continued adding to it as a hobby, using Walt, UCLA, and the Academy of Motion Picture Arts & Sciences Library as my main sources.

Jim had provided horror-movie fact-freaks with yet another challenge: "first" was. The first version of DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE was 1908. The first vampire film was NOSFERATU (1922). The first werewolf movie was WEREWOLF

OF LONDON (1935). The first horror movie mummy was THE MUMMY (1932). The first FRANKENSTEIN was Edison's (1910). The first GOLEM was 1914. These titles, I mentioned in *JH*, were difficult to beat. As far as I know, Edison FRANKENSTEIN is still the first. The 1910 THE GOLEM is still known as the first of its kind. (Though I found something called THE GOLEM'S LAST ADVENTURE, Austrian, 1921.) The 1908 JEKYLL AND HYDE is evidently indeed the first.

There are hordes of mummy movies before the Universal classic. There are science-fictional mummies: THE MUMMY OF THE KING OF RAMESES (French, 1909), THE MUMMY (Thanhouser, 1911), THE ELIXIR OF LIFE (1916); purely non-frightening living mummies: THE BRAHMIN'S MIRACLE (French, 1908), THE MUMMY (Urban, 1911), THE EGYPTIAN MUMMY (1914), THE PERILS OF PAULINE (1914), DUST OF EGYPT (1915), THE PERILS OF PORK PIE (British 1916); fake "living" mummies: THE MUMMY (Patcher, 1911), THE EGYPTIAN MUMMY (1913), THE MISSING MUMMY (1915), TOO MUCH ELIXIR OF LIFE (1915), WHEN THE MUMMY CRIED FOR HELP (1915); fake "living" mummy horror shorts: WITH THE MUMMIES! HELP (1917), MUMMY LOVE (1926); and there are, despite the work of Walt, Ron Bost, myself and others, tantalizing, seemingly unsearchable titles like THE MUMMY (French, 1913), THE WHITE HORSEMAN (serial, 1921, chapter three: "The Mummy Man"), ACT OF SCOTLAND YARD (serial, 1929, chapter five: "Menace of the Mummy"). The closest ancestors of the Universal MUMMY are VENGEANCE

OF EGYPT (French, 1912, with "blinking mummies" and a cursed ring), THE AVENGING HAND (British 1915, in which a mummy's hand kills), and THE TEMPTATIONS OF JOSEPH (1914, in which an amorous mummy awakens and scares its owner). But there are no known horror-fantasy mummy pictures, with a mummy that could be called a monster, before 1932. (There's a "waking mummy" the year after in Universal's serial THE PERILS OF PAULINE and another one in a 1935 East Indian imitation of the Karloff film called KALKOGOT.)

There are many "vamp" films before NOSFERATU, but no known vampire films. There have been false alarms like the 1896 THE HAUNTED CASTLE, in which the devil acts like a vampire; the 1908 LEGEND OF A GHOST, with dragons and a "vampire" (probably a vampire bat); the 1914 THE VAMPIRE (back); and a 1921 Hungarian film called DRACULA (which may turn out not to be a false alarm) which was mentioned in *25* in *Janus* in 1966, on which I found additional info in a Hungarian film book, and which Bost has, a little prematurely, declared an adaptation of Stoker's novel.

The only real success with firsts has been with werewolf films. There have been at least three before the '35 Universal: THE WEREWOLF (1913), THE WEREWOLF (French, 1923) and (again) THE WEREWOLF (German, 1932). We might also add Universal's DRACULA (1931), during which the Count transforms into a wolf, and the 1914 THE WHITE WOLF, in which a wolf transforms into an Indian.

[More about film checklists, data collection, lost films, movie books and other related topics next time.]

SPAIN

Spain has, over the past couple of years, developed into one of the largest horror markets outside of the US. Not a small part of this might be attributed to actor Paul Naschy, whose popularity has been stimulated in certain European movie markets. It appears that Naschy is currently involved in one or more fright films and his local success in that genre might be likened to that of German Riehl and Abel Salazar, two actors whose names became synonymous with the Mexican feature pictures of several years past. Naschy's association with *Professors*, S.A., of Barcelona includes a full class: A DRAGON FLY FOR EACH CORPSE, THE BLUE EYES OF THE BROKEN DOLL, HORROR RAISES FROM THE TOMB, THE MURDERER IS ONE OF THE 13, another remake of PHANTOM OF THE OPERA, THE RETURN OF THE WALKING DEAD, and VENGEANCE OF THE ZOMBIES. In addition to the *Professors* films, Naschy will also be seen in GATE DOWN SLEEP AT NIGHT, the director John Porcino and well producer for his own KRONOS FILMS, EL MONTE DE LAS ANIMAS. The cast of the latter title will possibly include Peter Cushing, James Mason, and Susan George. Although the fear of Naschy's films (FRANKENSTEIN'S BLOODY TERROR, THE WEREWOLF VS. THE VAMPIRE WOMAN, DRACULA'S GREAT LOVE, and SCRAMBLE AT THE MORGUE), infused domestically as the HUNCHBACK AT THE MORGUE have been distributed abroad, the actor has yet to achieve significant international fame as a "horror star" is to Karloff or Price. But judging from his output, he apparently doesn't like being typed. Masu Naschy, *Professors* has also released DRACULA'S SAGA, THE LOTUS'S GRASP, THE NIGHT OF THE SORCERERS, and REFUGE OF FEAR.

TITLE CHANGES

SEA CREATURES TO BEYOND ATLANTIS
THE INFERNAL IDOL TO DRACULA
HANNAN, QUEEN OF THE VAMPIRES TO CRYPE OF THE LIVING DEAD
POPE JOHN TO THE DEVIL'S IMPOSTOR
NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP TO DRIFAM NO T'WIL WHO FEARS THE DEVIL TO THE LEGEND OF WILBELY JOHN
THE REVENGE OF DR DEATH TO MADHOUSE
DEADLY HONEYMOON TO NIGHTMARE
HOME MOON
NIGHTMARE CHILDREN TO NIGHTMARE OF DEATH
DEATHLINE (British) to HAW REAT
William Carter SHANKS TO SHOCK
MUCH ADO ABOUT MURDER TO THEATRE OF BLOOD

—Larry Williamson



Actresses out of costume. LEFT: Gypsy Barbara Steele accepts an award at last year's *Count Dracula Society* party. RIGHT: Gypsy Steele with a friend at a recent party given by Hammer to celebrate the new book, *The House of Horror*.



A CRITIQUE BY LES SCHWARTZ

The latest film collaboration of Charles H. Schneer and Ray Harryhausen is a thrilling showcase for Harryhausen's accomplished visual effects. At best it is a dazzling—but alas, rather light—extravaganza of mythical belimps, lush settings and Harryhausen razzle-dazzle. It is, simply, a filmed comic book. This is not to deny *THE GOLDEN VOYAGE OF SINBAD* its due. Its very presence on 1974 movie screens is noteworthy because nobody is making anything today that approaches it in style, content or form. And since so many entries in the genre of fantastic film are barely worth passing mention, we can sit back and marvel at the technical display.

Some 15 years have elapsed since *THE 7th VOYAGE OF SINBAD*, which had Kerwin Mathews in the title role. Now we have John Phillip Law, introduced with much promise in the early sixties, Law was once obviously being groomed for major stardom. He never quite got there, although he has appeared in top roles in many films, including some European product which has never made it to the U.S. Law might lack that necessary presence that makes a first rank leading man, but he does fit comfortably into this particular kind of comic book movie, witness *BARBARELLA*, *DANGER: DIABOLIK* and *VON RICHTHOFEN AND BROWN*. He makes a good Sinbad, tall and dashing, with a sly smile that does well by the pompous pseudo-Donquixote dialogue: "He who is patient, obtains," "He who walks on fire will burn his feet."

Sinbad's mission this time is to seek out two missing parts of a three-piece golden amulet which will give its possessor eternal youth, great wealth and the power of invisibility. The adventure takes Sinbad and his crew to the mythical land of Lemuria where the Grand Vizier (played by Douglas Wilmer), rightful heir to the kingdom's throne, is involved in a bitter power struggle with the evil Prince Koura, a master of the black arts. Tom Baker plays the menacing prince to delicious excess and is rather reminiscent of FLASH GORDON's Ming the Merciless. Most of the film's visual highlights are a direct result of Koura's conjurings and it is here that the film excels. Elegantly garbed in flowing black, glitter-studded robes, Baker mutters incantations, unleashing a chain of outstanding scenes masterminded, of course, by the genius of Harryhausen.

Baker seems to have found his niche in films, altho it is difficult to say if it is by choice. He gained his broad acting background with Britain's National Theatre before Sam Spiegel gave him his first film opportunity by brilliantly casting him as Rasputin in *NICHOLAS AND ALEXANDER*. Unfortunately, most of his footage was deleted before release. Following this, Baker had a small role in Pasolini's *CANTERBURY TALES* and then in a segment of *VAULT OF HORROR*.

Baker will shortly be seen in *THE MUTATIONS*, a good-bad science fiction melodrama in which he plays a facially deformed owner of an amusement park sideshow. Obviously Baker is not destined to be a leading man, but is his continued portrayal of twisted eccen-

trics his own decision or, as is more likely, is he making the best of the situation while producers continue to pass him by?

Also prominently figured in Caroline Munro, an exquisite beauty whose abundant endowments are on voluptuous display in a manner not previously noted in Schneer-Harryhausen heroines.

THE GOLDEN VOYAGE OF SINBAD is most notable for introducing what may be Harryhausen's most interesting creation—an homunculus, a tiny man-like being with wings. Koura employs two during the course of the film. The first, sent to spy on Sinbad and the Vizier, crumbles into a handful of dried leaves. The second appears during the sea voyage. Koura, hopelessly ensnared in craggy rocks and definitely losing the race to Lemuria, creates an homunculus from scratch: after placing a tiny lifeless form on his table, Koura dribbles some of his own blood onto it, utters the proper verbal charms and, in a truly beautiful scene, the little creature begins to stir. At first stretching as if awakening from a long sleep, the homunculus emits a symphonic cry as he adjusts to his surroundings, pulling back and gasping when he initially spies Koura. The sorcerer offers a few words of encouragement, then snarls and begins provoking him to toughen & train the little beast. This accomplished, the homunculus is sent on his way to locate Sinbad's ship and relay its position to Koura.

Harryhausen's work in this scene is extraordinary, its fluid execution truly remarkable. Harryhausen's penchant for investing his creatures with identifiably human characteristics works most effectively, and recalls in style and emotion aroused the watching of the sympathetic Yulr in *20 MILLION MILES TO EARTH*. This earlier creation is regarded by many as Harryhausen's best, reinforced by a plotline which makes the fair the film's main character and an innocent victim of circumstances. Unfortunately, the homunculus is not really developed beyond the level of a plot prop, altho I confess that I have had an inordinate desire to stroke one each time I've seen *SINBAD*.

Harryhausen's other stroke of genius is Kali, a giant six-armed goddess who popped as a deity by the crazed green men who torment Sinbad on Lemuria. Called upon by Koura to step down from her pedestal ("Oh mighty Kali, Rightier than thou art. I make obeisance to me.") the goddess presents herself center screen and sways her metallic arms and head in sensuous dance. The subsequent duel is skillfully and flawlessly animated. We could argue that it is too reminiscent of previous Sinbad and Jason duels with skeletons, but we won't. Here, too, Kali takes on some human affectations with a devilish smirk and especially arm and hand movements that recall the Supremes in live performance.

Other Harryhausen creations are executed with equal finesse, but are strictly out of the wizard's tried and true bag of tricks. The Centaur is a predictable enough offering. Similarly, the Griffin,



Transformations in THE GOLDEN VOYAGE OF SINBAD. TOP: Dueling experts run-through a fight sequence with John Phillip Law. Later, Harryhausen's model of Kall (ABOVE) will duplicate their movements. BELOW RIGHT: Tom Baker holds the shriveled essence of the Komandoro. With the addition of blood and the proper magic spell, it will become the creature depicted BOTTOM RIGHT.

which emerges screeching without rhyme or reason from his underground cave to do battle with the Centaur. Curiously, human deaths and casualties in the film are kept to a minimum and are so dry-cleaned that one suspects the human characters have no blood in their veins. More curiously, the blood flows freely among the creature population. The Centaur's death is especially violent and arouses our sympathies with the creature clutching his breast and shrieking pitifully.

Brian Clemens' screenplay (now there's a head I'd really like to get into) is much more complex than it appears at first and contains some absolutely precious dialogue. Despite its hackneyed moments, it takes real talent to put together this sort of material and my hat's off to Clemens all the way. Clemens, whose screen and TV credits grow more staggering each month, seems to be sorely overlooked but should be headed for far better things in the future. The new CAPTAIN KRONOS seems slated for the lower portion of a Paramount quickie double bill, but it shows Clemens now undertaking the direction (as well as co-production) as a new avenue of expression.

Many of today's younger fans know the work of Harryhausen only as history and so SINBAD represents possibly their first current exposure to this form of entertainment. The overwhelming response at the boxoffice so far is proof that there still exists a market for these tremendously expensive, time consuming and intricately crafted films. Schneer has also stated (prior to the film's release) that the future of product of this nature depended very much on the success of SINBAD, since few film distributors today were willing to finance so costly and long-incubating a venture. Columbia Pictures, which had faith, has also been vindicated on the matter and consequently Schneer & Harryhausen will have no

trouble financing and launching their next venture. Keep tuned.

One of the more intriguing aspects of the opening of THE GOLDEN VOYAGE OF SINBAD in the New York area is the reception (or lack of one) accorded it by the media. What makes the subject so interesting is just how much the various media reviewers reveal about themselves — however subtly — in their treatment of the SINBAD review.

While it is true that SINBAD falls into a genre that usually gets cursory "official" attention, it cannot be denied that the name Harryhausen (not to mention the vast amount of pre-opening publicity and promotion effort by Columbia Pictures) would have alerted the more informed members of the critical circle that THE GOLDEN VOYAGE OF SINBAD would at the very least be an accomplished technical work. But no, most of the reviewers appear to have betrayed their own shortcomings by overlooking this fact. It is also instructive, and in some cases, truly surprising, to examine the individual treatments.

Rather than approach the subject by media (newspaper, magazine, radio, TV, etc.) which might not tell the true picture, it seems best to deal with it on levels of appreciation and degrees of awareness of the special nature of a picture like SINBAD. This criterion is not to be confused with the critics' actual appraisal of the film's quality, although note will be taken of the reviewers' feeling for the film as a whole.

First let's deal with those who appear to have no awareness of the work and skill that go into a Schneer-Harryhausen spectacular. This, too, is where we'll get most of the giggles. Observe:

Curiously, both the *Daily News* and the *New York Post* (two of New York's three major dailies) take the film to task because they found it implausible! Indeed, did they expect hard-line realism in a film about Sinbad? Ann Guarino of the *Daily News* states: "For those who can stay awake it's a dull journey through an unreal world." Archer Winston of the *Post* faulted the film because "credibility is in short supply all the way through." Guarino does concede that the special effects are in the picture's main asset but "the cast goes through the motions of pretending to believe in the mythical creatures confronting them, but it looks like shadow-boxing ... Even children deserve something better than this."

Winston, on the other hand, declares: "It cannot be listed as science-fiction though it does avail itself of canny trickery to demonstrate invisibility as a good defense for a duellist. Not good enough, however, when used to make things more difficult for Sinbad... My only problem is to figure out who will be excited by his feats and those of his producers... Whether regarded as cinema trickery or fairy tale fakery or extra tall tales, the artifice seems rather transparent."

The *New York Times*, like the *Daily News*, did not call upon its principal reviewer to handle SINBAD, another 1-



dedication of the respective film departments' regard for the picture. In his *News* review, Lawrence Van Gelder at least, acknowledges the work of Harryhausen (but only in passing) and suggests that "children who revel in clean-cut heroes, villains given to spells and incantations and the kind of special effects that breed the life into warlike rats, ships' figureheads, centaurs, griffins and statues of Kali... will probably find it a happy concoction for passing a rainy afternoon."

Much of John Crittenden's review in the *Bergen* (N.J.) *Record* deserves comment, mostly for its muddled simplicity-mindedness. About special effects: "It looks low-budget and thus has what one might call a cheap timelessness... but even the special effects tricks seem new, though a couple of these do succeed in holding our interest as long as they're on screen. A saber fight between Sinbad and an animated six-armed statue of Kali, for instance. That statue and a rampaging centaur actually do make one wonder how they were brought to life on film. For the most part the rest is too obvious -- very simple double exposures that most intelligent 12-year olds should be able to catch on to in a snap." No comment.

The next statement is even better, in fact it goes off the deep end and takes little sense: "One wishes throughout that those who were on the creative and had displayed a little more imagination. After Sinbad and his men and the pursuing villain have landed on a mysterious legendary island most of what we see is ersatz Hindu art and architecture, with green-tinted aborigine-types worshipping Kali and throwing their crumpled down a hole in the ground to the centaur and an ugly, winged cat with a beaked mouth. Such originality does nothing to explore the beauty of Indian art. In fact, it's an insult." Are you listening, Mr. Harryhausen?

All of the above should bow their heads in shame, especially when someone like the *Christian Science Monitor's* David Sterritt, writing for his special readership, comes up with this: "The special effects, filmed with the complicated Dynamation process, were devised by Ray Harryhausen -- a grand old man of visual prestidigitation whose accomplishments include MIGHTY JOE YOUNG, THE SEVENTH VOYAGE OF SINBAD, and the picture-packed book of memoirs called *Millen Fantasy Scrapbook*. Not that GOLDEN VOYAGE is of such classic proportions as a MIGHTY JOE YOUNG. But it's kind of fun."

One reviewer who did a particularly good job of capturing both the spirit of the film and the genre is Jay Cocks, whose opening line in *Time* magazine is perfect: "THE GOLDEN VOYAGE OF SINBAD passes one crucial test for the matinee trade: go out for popcorn and you will probably miss something good." In discussing the film's more spectacular effects, Cocks says: "These creatures have their origin in the imagination and the workshop of Ray Harryhausen, a special effects whiz. He brings them all alive in a process called *Dynamation*, which would appear to combine equal portions of stop-action photography, elaborate multiple-exposures and a kind of gentle necromancy. The film is really just an excuse to show off Harryhausen's comical bag of tricks." In summation, Cocks offers: "SINBAD is light, silly fun, and kids will probably appreciate both the skillful technique of the fantasy and the fact that the filmmakers have had the good sense not to include a single -- yecchi! -- kissing scene."

Howard Kissel, writing in *Women's Week* only, approaches the film from the same direction. One has the feeling that had Kissel been writing for a publication more film oriented than *Wk*, he would have been allowed more leg room. As it is

he gives a kind of capsule review, but a bonus nonetheless: "SINBAD is a children's movie with stunning special effects and the sense of suspense and excitement one remembers from Saturday-afternoon serials. Admittedly, a lot of dialog and situations are silly, but they're worth overlooking if you can have a scene with Sinbad fighting a goddess who has six arms, a sword in each one, and a good old-fashioned score by Miklos Rozsa."

There seems to be no end to the "kids will love it" approach. "I am quite sure that youngsters will be enthralled by the latest colorful and accurate version of the adventures of Sinbad the Sailor," writes Donald J. Mayerson in *Our* magazine. "I had fun and the kids will be giggling," concludes Mayerson, who, incidentally, is the second-string critic for the publication.

Gene Shalit, NBC-TV's comic-critic, admits more freely to his feelings for the film: "It's been years since I have seen a children's movie as old fashioned and as arousing as SINBAD. These are the kind of movies that make kids very, very excited. Now, Shalit spends most of his review time explaining the reaction of a theatrical of kids at a matinee showing and this is a good idea. But I just wish more people could keep an adult or two in mind every now and then. Of course, no other than Schmeer and Harryhausen really have the power to change this somewhat mis-guided frame of reference since their elaborate costume stories and dinosaur epics don't seem to have an inherent adult draw. The two filmmakers must now turn their creative energies to what they have acknowledged is their toughest job--matching up Harryhausen's skills with suitable material. Perhaps it's time for another invasion from Mars."

Quite surprisingly, there are a small group of reviewers writing for special publications who have viewed SINBAD in the proper perspective and, at the same time, treat it as a new film per se. Not a new fantasy film, or a new kiddie film, or--as a few did--not deal with it at all. These people write for what I can only call "concerned" readers--parents and religious leaders usually--and they have a style all their own. And, wonder of wonders, they actually use such names as Harryhausen, Schmeer, Clowns, etc., as if their readers were generally aware and need this information for legitimate purposes. My surmise results from their thoroughness in the face of such overwhelming sketchiness and cavalier attitudes of their more mainstream counterparts.

Catholic Film Newsletter, the official voice and spokesperson for ratings for the Church, not only accords the film its appropriate respect but is not above recommending it to adults as well. The uncredited reviewer writes: "This is the kind of fantasy of which childhood is made, here brought to life by the modern master of special effects, Ray Harryhausen, who served his apprenticeship under Willis O'Brien, the creator of King Kong. The animation of the solid models and the process shots integrating them with the actors are done with painstaking care long missing from the screen... The film's success belongs chiefly to Harryhausen with assistance from director Gordon Hessler and cinematographer Ted Moore. This first-class production, a direct descendant of a more innocent age of film making than our own, will be a treat for youngsters and those adults who wish to recapture some of the magic of childhood."

Film Information, a publication of the National Council of Churches, is one of the few to call SINBAD a "family" film instead of a children's item. Writer Monty Arnold appears to

Genius at Work--Ray Harryhausen during the filming of *GOLDEN VOYAGE*. LEFT: Ray converses with director Gordon Hessler over a matter concerning the script. MIDDLE: A quick bite with the cast and crew. Mrs. Harryhausen is on his left. RIGHT: Checking a camera set up.





Makeup figures prominently in *GOLDEN VOYAGE*. LEFT: Douglas Wilmer is fitted for his golden mask. MIDDLE: Wilmer in full makeup as the Grand Vizier whose face was scorched horribly by a fireball sent by the evil Koura. RIGHT: As Koura, Tom Baker's role calls for him to age rapidly each time he uses his dark powers. Here, his makeup receives a quick touch-up.

have enjoyed the picture personally too and offers a good point for parents. The movie starts with a whisper but ends with a bang...courtesy of special effects wizard Ray Harryhausen. Rosza's score is also stilled out for praise. In closing, Arnold brings up a good point: "Parents, take note: the film's violence is Arabian-nights colorful without being twentieth-century cruel. You see the sword go into the flesh in long shots, but you don't get close-ups of the dismembered loin. Allah, be praised!"

The *Young Islander* catches in the person of Brother Thomas Allan, credits Harryhausen for giving the film its real character and, calling him the "only authentic disciple of the KING KONG school", describes his work here as some of his most sophisticated to date. Allan suggests the film "successfully revives the innocence of the fifties. The only new addition to the genre...is that the belly dancers have miraculously grown navels." Leave it to the church to come up with that!

Movie's magazine, does an okay job in its "Guide for Puzzled Parents", but never quite sees the film as more than a kiddie entry. Lynn Minton admittedly has no real background or point of reference for this kind of film, but she has a feel for its spirit, despite the limitation referred to above: "This is an adventure film of magic and sorcery, with laughs and riddles and eye-catching and wonderful visual effects. Children from seven to twelve should love it. But like many fairy tales it is scary and may well be frightening to some young children." In spite of Minton's recommendation, I'm sure the fathers of the 7-12 year-olds like *SINBAD* a lot more than their children.

The final entry in the youth-oriented category is *Schoolteacher* magazine, cited here because its reviewer, Margaret Roman, is a long-time fantasy film freak. Unfortunately, Roman's extensive command of the genre hardly surfaces in her breezy yet bland-ish review, but this is no doubt due to her very careful tailoring for her youthful readership. But she's right on target, anyhow: "Does the film? We've got a cure. Just pack your popcorn and ship out on *SINBAD'S GOLDEN VOYAGE*. It's the wildest mystery tour since *KING KONG* came on the screen...If you love adventure, fantasy, magic and very special special effects, this is your movie. On this voyage, getting there is really all the fun."

We'll give special credit to Foster Hirsch for his review in the *National Post*. Hirsch, who is also well-known for his in-depth discussion pieces in the *New York Times* (which usually support films previously killed by the paper's regular critics), deals with *SINBAD* in a sophisticated and intelligent way. Hirsch is one of the few to single out Brian Clemens' screenplay for praise. "Brian Clemens...has at least a nodding acquaintance with *The Golden Bough*: He's heard of myths and legends and allegories, and his characters address themselves to such spacious concerns as Fate, Destiny, Free Will, Plan. Sinbad, the Maiden in the abbreviated costume, the Evil Magician, and the Grand Vizier are well aware of the symbolic significance of their quest. Intellectual self-consciousness therefore shadows the hectic skirmishes of a Saturday afternoon fantasy, and the fusion of folklore with some 'hard' learning is appealing."

...The project began with Harryhausen's drawings, and the problem was to find a frame in which the charming fantasy figures could strut and flourish. The movie's scrambled exposition and its undigested borrowings from classical voyages are no doubt traceable to the filmmakers' love of technical challenge."

The screenplay in fact, is the thread which holds the entire review together. "Story and human characterization are decidedly secondary, but *Sinbad's voyage* is gleefully chased," he continues, "It's as if Clemens sneaked in allusions to some of his favorite Great Works while his bosses were toiling over the complexities of *Dynarama*. Underneath its procession of greening monsters, *Sinbad's* adventure contains a holiday of symbolic strategies...a dejected ruler who seeks the restoration of power and youth...a magician whose skin cracks and rags everything he uses his dark powers (shades of *Sorcerer* Gray)...a comic cowardly braggart (Clemens knows his Shakespeare too)...and *Sinbad* has a dream which not only anticipates his adventure and introduces the movie's major leitmotifs, but which (with a deep bow to Freud) reveals at least glancingly the anxieties that lurk beneath his macho swagger." Hirsch also cites the Rosza score with its Heavenly Host-like angelic chorus which "weaves us with Christian reminiscences as well," and the film's "pagan baggage (Buddhas and golden idols are rampant)."

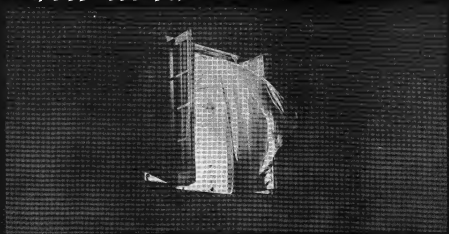
In another beautiful review, film scholar-author, Leonard Maltin views the film from the angle with which I think we can all best identify. "Throughout the script," he says in *Good Times*, a youthful, rock music-oriented paper, "there are slight indications of tongue-in-cheek, and some passing references to sex and drugs that provide an amusing but deftly handled acknowledgement that the film has been made by, and for 'big kids' as well as 'little ones.'"

Maltin, who teaches a college-level course in film animation, continues: "The film marks [in this viewer's eyes] the most sophisticated special effects to date from Ray Harryhausen's bag of tricks. This artist and craftsman got his inspiration from *KING KONG*, and forty years later has reached an apex of perfection in his own model animation. A sequence in which a ship figurehead comes to life recalls the incredible excitement of a stellar 'awakening' scene in *THE KKK* with Boris Karloff. The initial thrill is then enhanced by the excitement of a battle scene in which the living figure fights the members of *Sinbad's* crew. Here, as in later dueling sequences, the combination of animated creatures and live actors is the closest thing to perfection I have seen."

Maltin sums up admirably: "THE GOLDEN VOYAGE OF *SINBAD* is the nicest thing to happen to kids of the 1970s, but what's equally nice is that it offers a wonderful magic-carpet escape for kids of the 1950s and '60s, too." We can't agree more emphatically.



THE EXORCIST



An Opinion by Ronald V. Borst

By the time this review is published, anyone reading it will, in all probability, have seen or purposefully declined to go and see, what has become the most talked about, indeed, the most controversial film yet produced in the national level, but a motion picture which has likely received the most spectacular publicity—in one form or another—since *THE BIRTH OF A NATION*. Through talk show discussions with priests on religious implications and cases involving possession and exorcisms, interviews with those people directly involved with the film's production, from reviews and "inside stories" regarding the making of the film ranging from *The Motion Picture* to Catholic journals, there are undoubtedly very few people who have not heard of the book or movie by this time. Added to these are the legal disputes involving two actresses who contributed to the characterization of the child/demon, and writer Ray Russell's allegation that the basic premise of the novel was adopted from his 1962 novel, *The Case Against Dr. Zerk*, which also concerns a young child possessed by a demon. Add, also, the rumors arising at a symposium some following the film's production (a crew member was killed on the set and actor Jack MacGowan died shortly after the picture's completion). All of this has set off a mass of psychological speculation and theorizing on the part of laymen and professionals alike on why this country has seemingly become "possessed" by a cinema phenomenon the like of which we have never previously experienced.

All of this furor may be laid directly at the feet of William Peter Blatty, a forty-one year old former graduate of Georgetown University who has stated that he felt that a "novel of demonic possession" might be taken fulfillment of deflected vocation," since he had at one time considered entering the priesthood. Blatty first became intrigued with the idea of possession after reading of a case involving exorcism in 1949, but the notion of possession in the form of a novel only became crystallized in 1963. It was not until 1968, when an editorial director at Bantam Books supported the venture, that the novel really began to materialize. The author undertook intensive research into the subject matter in early 1969, and finished the novel during the summer of the following year.

While most novels reach publication before they are considered as prospective film material, Blatty had skillfully concluded negotiations with Warner Brothers to film the novel, and had written a two hundred-plus page first draft months before the first editions were printed. A contributing writer on such filmed screenplays as *DARLING LILI*, *A SHOT IN THE DARK*, *THE GREAT BANK ROBBERY* and *JOHN GOLDBARIN, PLEASE COME HOME*, amongst several others, Blatty wisely realized that to insure a screen treatment of his novel which pleased him, he would also have to serve in the capacity of producer and have a major voice when the time came to select the director. His contract with Warners included these clauses, and both studio executives and Warner set out to choose the film's director. A working list of possible candidates at one time included such names as Mike Nichols, Arthur Penn and Stanley Kubrick. However, due to prior commitments and other reasons, each of these men were eventually eliminated, from consideration. William Friedkin's name remained.

Blatty had recalled meeting Friedkin some years before when he had been up for the job of directing Blake Edwards' *GUNN*. He didn't get the job, Blatty

remembered, because he obstinately refused to compromise over a minor detail. Blatty was also impressed with Friedkin's work on *THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED MINKY*, but Warner Brothers were still hedging in regard to the director's talents. All it took for them to come around to Blatty's viewpoint was a screening of *THE FRENCH CONNECTION*. Friedkin's recent award-winning, box-office smash. All concerned agreed that the pacing contained in this realistic and actionful cops-and-robbers yarn was an essential quality vital to the film adaptation of *The Exorcist*.

Friedkin, contract now firmly in hand, immediately startled his author-producer by stating that, in his opinion, the first draft script was unfaithful to the novel. Friedkin insisted that the Northern Iraq prologue from the novel be retained in the film. He also argued for certain script changes such as the sculpture which Regan fashions early in the film (Blatty had altered this from a bird—see that, incidentally, somewhat represents the demon status in the finished film—to a bear, and the young doctor demanded that he change it back to a bird, as it appears in the novel).

According to the author in his book, *William Peter Blatty On The Exorcist: From Novel to Film*, the two of them would meet regularly with the major purpose being to cut the author's script down to a manageable filming length. Between the two of them, they eliminated (a) the subplot involving Kori and Warren's brain-damaged daughter, a portion Blatty rather hated to lose since the film's conclusion would have found the girl on the road to treatment and recovery, thereby implying that from evil some good eventually does emerge; (b) a number of red herrings which alternately implicated Karras, Sharon, as well as others, in the church desecrations and Dennery's death (the reasoning behind this cut was that soon after the film's release no one would fall for these diversions anyway); (c) much of Lt. Kinderman's characterization, since many readers of the novel had questioned Blatty as to whether he had modeled the police officer on Peter Falk's *COLUMBO* (Blatty did not want it to seem as though he was plagiarizing—in spite of the fact that his character appeared before the television series—consequently, much of the outwardly dumb/brilliantly cunning lines and character development of the Kinderman were cut); (d) Barker Denning's body, which was originally to have been shown with the head turned around during a scene where Kinderman visits the morgue prior to his revealing this fact in his first encounter with Karras (obviously, the reasoning was that the revelation of this in words to Karras would have a more profound impact, and the actual visual horror could be saved for the sequence involving the child/demon); (e) a "more fully developed interview of the demon by Karras"; (f) fuller exposition of Karras' failing faith in the scene where Dyer comforts him after his mother's death; (g) preliminary encounters with the demon and initial medical examinations, because they would have slowed the pacing and made the makeup less effective through over-exposure; (h) the original plan to have the credits drawn out over a long number of sequences; (i) passages which were to be shown amidst flashes of lightning which would recall Christ's crucifixion, the Nazi horrors of Dachau, Auschwitz, and Buchenwald, and the more individual, yet no less nauseating, horrors of a gangland execution through information gained via an FBI wiretapped conversation between two Cosa Nostra mobsters; (j) much more vomiting, including what would have been an exercise in exceptional bad taste—the demon/ditch vomiting on Morin's dead body; (k) the final ending



Three people brought together to battle an unspeakable evil: Father Damien Karras (Jason Miller), Father Lankester Merrin (Max von Sydow) and Chris MacNeil (Linda Blair). Their tale is now considered by many to be among the most frightening ever told.

which was to have shown Karras' face at the foot of the steps, his features mirroring a combination of peace, triumph and joy; (1) two emotionally uplifting scenes in the village, the first being that Chris would keep Karras' smelch (rather than giving it to Dyer as she does in the film), implying that she has learned to accept faith and, secondly, the final scene would have shown Kierulman and Dyer going off together in, as Blatty put it, a take-off on the Rains-Bogart "beautiful friendship" finale of *CASABLANCA*.

As filmed, *THE EXORCIST* ends on a very neutral note (Dyer looking down the stone steps and then simply walking away), with the only apparent good resulting from the exorcism being the purging and defeat of the evil spirit combined with the regaining of Regan's normality. The deleted scenes may have been discarded because they would have overwhelmed the main conclusion of the film or, at the very least, diluted it. It is enough that Regan has regained her normality, the death of Dennings and Merrin are unfortunate casualties in a never-ending scheme of earthly woes. Karras' ultimate sacrifice has saved the life of an innocent child, as well as his own soul.

Somewhat surprising for me was the revelation that *THE EXORCIST*'s final budget was said to be anywhere between \$10 to \$15 million; surprising in that 2001's cost was only \$11 million by comparison. Like its big-budgeted counterpart, *THE EXORCIST* relies very heavily on special effects and unique makeup in achieving its claimed end. The picture was photographed by Owen Roizman, Friedkin's cameraman on *THIS FRENCH CONNECTION*, and his contribution to *THE EXORCIST* is about as far removed from John L. Russell's photography for *PSYCHO* as two works of art could be. Hitchcock's picture is distinguished by its stark black and white photography (rumors still persist that *PSYCHO* was shot in color but released in black and white because of its more gruesome and bloody details; these stories are probably not true) which expertly contrasted the normal daylight world of Marion Crane and the twisted, gothic environment of Norman Bates. While Hitchcock conceived many ingenious ways of making his killer and developing Mrs. Bates as a red herring, Roizman faced no such problems in *THE EXORCIST*. Since the horror is localized primarily in Regan's bedroom, his major chore lay in making the color of the household to convey a feeling of normality while suggesting a hint of the supernatural in the soft shadows. No ingenious trickery to mask the presence of the demon here. When we hear screams from the child's bedroom, it is as if we are a part of the group going to inspect the sounds (the sound effects for the film won a much deserved Academy Award), and as we rush up the stairs, Roizman's camera zooms in on the closed door. The door is opened, more sounds or demon utterings are heard; out to the shocked and horrified expressions of the mother or whoever, and then into a close-up of the demon/child. The pattern is repeated again and again, and while hardly as innovative as Russell's work for *PSYCHO*, it is equally effective when combined with the unusual makeup and effects supporting it.

In an interview/article on the making of the film for the February 1974 issue of *American Cinematographer*, Roizman reflected on some of the difficult scenes in *THE EXORCIST*. One of the more expensive effects involved the freezing cold temperature when the demon has set up about itself in Regan's bedroom. A duplicate bedroom was built inside a refrigerated "cooler" whose temperature could be dropped to as little as 20 degrees below zero. During the invitation sequence, Roizman revealed that the wines had to be poured almost frame by frame. Spotting were as easily shatter the illusion, so money spent for these effects can certainly be justified.

While some critics have made fun of the demon/child's makeup, going so far as to compare it with a clown (not, however, at midnight), I personally feel that the special effects (by Marcel Vercoutre) and the makeup (by Dick Smith) is nothing short of superb. I was originally puzzled as to how the child's head was able to revolve 360 degrees, so realistically was the dummy head molded and moved. To pull it off, the crew "wrapped the hair around the neck to cover the separation between the head and body and got some movement into the arm and hand at the same time." The final brilliant touch was in allowing the dummy head to have frost on its brow.

Much has been made of the cast of *THE EXORCIST*. Of course, both female stars, Ellen Burstyn and Linda Blair, received Academy Award

nominations, as did Jason Miller. Jane Fonda and Shirley MacLaine (on whom the character of Chris was modeled) were originally considered for the role of the mother, but I seriously doubt that they could have improved the characterization made by Miss Burstyn. In a sympathetic role in a horror film which stresses theme over characterization, her acting is always excellent. So, too, is Jason Miller's. We have had the tormented, John Galford type before (Blatty even pokes fun at this by having Kierulman kill Karras about this similarity) but the acting is as effective as most anything I saw last year, including Jack Lemmon's Oscar performance in *SAVE THE TIGER*, with the possible exception of Al Pacino in *SEMPER PARVO*.

Lee J. Cobb's policeman and Jack MacGowan's director are excellent examples of restrained secondary roles with both actors making the most of their scenes. Only Kitty Win's Sharon was dealt a fatal blow in adapting that character from the book, one never really feels that she and her mistress have the strong friendship going for them that the novel strongly implies.

Max Von Sydow as the title character is as masterful in this film as in those he did for Bergman, and certainly much more so than in *THE NIGHT VISITOR*. His speech and manner, aided by a remarkable aging makeup job by Dick Smith

make him the best representative of the forces of good since Edward Van Sloan or Peter Cushing, which is the highest compliment I can pay him.

It is personally difficult to criticize Linda Blair's contribution to this film, in spite of all the substantial publicity which has been published either in support or against her. With the huge success of the film, actress Mercedes MacCambridge stepped forth and made it perfectly clear that it was she, and not the young actress, who did the voice of the demon and other unearthly sounds connected with the character. Originally denied screen credit for her work, Warners were at length forced through her contract to reinstate her name among the cast list, but this did not satisfy Miss MacCambridge, who took out in print criticism young Blair's inimitable in moaning much of the obscene passages which she had to dub over in her own husky, raspy voice (there is one particular scene where the dubbing is completely off, although laying the blame on either actress would be sheer supposition). In any case, one cannot overlook MacCambridge's contribution to the film which I feel is frighteningly effective in the extreme.

After MacCambridge's publicity and after Linda Blair won the Golden Globe Award for her performance, Ellen Dots Eber, a twenty-six year old New York actress, filed a claim with the Screen Actors Guild in which, as the *New York Post* account related, "she noted that her body had performed many of the more spectacular possession scenes." Warners had stated in all their publicity that Blair did not have a double, only a stand-in (the difference being that a double performs when a star cannot while a stand-in is used only for sitting up shots), and executive producer John Colley fed when he claimed that "Linda played every scene in the picture herself." Naturally, all of this was a defense mechanism designed to claim the upcoming Academy Award for the nominated Miss Blair. Of course, Miss Blair (in spite of her makeup, dubbed voice, double and special effects support) lost out to Tatum O'Neal, who dominated every scene of Bogdanovich's excellent *PAPER MOON*. Friedkin and Roizman both claim that Eber's scenes are minimal and Ellen Burstyn cynically remarked that the double's work was much less contributive than that of Jason Miller's screams. In her normal role of innocent child, Linda Blair comes off as an inexperienced ingenue, while her most effective scenes are indeed those aided by the technical wizardry. In substance, however, she does provide the film with its initial innocence which reverts into absolute evil as the demon takes over. In this one respect, she is excellent. And, in any event, she will shortly appear in a follow-up to Universal's big grosser of some years back, *ALPINE*.

As a whole, *THE EXORCIST* is one of the great horror films; a film which is already being deservedly regarded as a classic in its field. I do not mean to imply that it should be considered a form of superior film art, or great cinema, for *THE EXORCIST* is at its weakest and most pretentious when it consciously strives for art. At its best, it is a superb combination of the classic elements of horror and contemporary demands for thrills and visual violence. Essentially, it's a conglomerate freak show and roller coaster ride all rolled up



into a neat marketing package which stands every chance of making more money than any other film ever made.

Many film critics despise the horror film genre and when an exceptional one—especially a big-budgeted one based on a bestseller—comes along, they are among the first to scream (albeit in ten dollar words), "Where's the art?" or "Where's the value?", not picking about each and every technical error the film contains in order to justify their prejudices. Some cannot understand why the public would want to look, stand and wait to see such "trash," some simply regard themselves as superior intellectuals about the masses of moronic filmgoers. Even those who will cautiously admit a liking for the genre will, in all likelihood, fall back on the movies created three or more decades ago, forgetting, of course, that many of these were considered as ridiculous then as they would be if shown in theaters now. Some have cited another current thriller, Nicholas Roeg's excellent DON'T LOOK NOW, as the sort of thing the horror film should evolve into. In terms of comparison, it is a much less expensive, but much more visually artistic endeavor (with the most brilliant use of silent visual flash-back to support symbolic metaphors I have ever seen) although it bears a much closer relationship to the PSYCHO class of thriller than does the Friedkin film.

THE EXORCIST has chosen to strike out on a new path. It does borrow from the old horror films; in fact, its basic theme bears very little difference from the first of the supernatural tales, the 1931 version of DRACULA. The borrowing film opens in a foreign locale where the audience is introduced to the vampire; Dracula travels to civilized England and attempts to place an innocent young lady under his control to do his bidding; all efforts by authorities to deal with the matter fail, until an old professor is called in to destroy it through age-old Christian beliefs. Friedkin's film is little more than this; a prologue which introduces the coming conflict between good and evil; the evil making itself apparent and eventually taking over a child's body in a sedate Georgetown home; the failure of medical science and the law to deal with the supernatural; and, finally, the triumph of religion once again.

It should come as no surprise that THE EXORCIST has borrowed liberally from the theme of DRACULA, or from dozens of other past genre efforts, since the number of separate categories into which most horror films can be grouped is rather limited. The thirties and forties amply covered all manner of old dark house thrillers, insane, masked killers, legendary and man-made monsters, henchmen scientists and hunchbacked assistants. Hammer chose to update these same thematic elements, differing mainly by placing increasing emphasis on violence, blood and sexuality made possible by enlarged

scenes from the release print of THE EXORCIST. TOP LEFT: Regan among the patients on the neuropsychiatric ward at Bellevue Hospital. TOP RIGHT: Lee J. Cobb as Detective Kinderman. BELOW: Regan is prepared for an arteriogram. BELOW RIGHT: Chris holds on to a terrified Regan as the bed is violently tossed by unseen forces.



technical expertise and the new permiaureness. ROSEMARY'S BABY, probably the last major horror breakthrough in terms of publicity and financial success, can be looked upon as one more in a long line of windcraft films from WITCHCRAFT THROUGH THE AGES to sleepers like BURN, WITCH, BURN and CURSE OF THE DEMON.

THE EXORCIST unashamedly borrows from all of these schools, from the old "good vs. evil," to Von Sydow's "Van Helsing," to the frightful visages of PSYCHO and dozens upon dozens of previous films, to the current interest in the occult. What this film also borrows from, and which is resulting in many of the film's most negative comments, are the current G-Men-gangster, cops-and-robbers films from DIRTY HARRY to BADGE 373. The public's increased enjoyment in violence is not limited to films alone; rock music has shifted from the short haired Beatles quartet of the sixties into groups who, as an extra kick, will seagily break their instruments and engage in other violent activities. In their acts to further excite and incite the emotions of their listeners. With the Vietnam War finally having run its course, with television cracking down on violence in all forms, from movies to children's programs, movies have become increasingly important as an outlet for man's inherent sense of violence.

I don't believe anyone can judge these times while living through them. I do think that some filmmakers—some, not all—are dangerously pendente to the demands for violent entertainment. But, as in taking a narcotic, the dose of violence on film cannot remain stationary at any given level; they must be increased if the films are to regain their costs and make a profit. Therefore, we have witnessed the gangster-police films trying to outdo each other's car chase sequences, Hammer experimenting with more overt sexuality and a more ritualized type of horror with each film. The destruction of Dracula, which once served as an exciting climax, is now for such films as DRACULA A.D. 1972 and THE SATANIC RITES OF DRACULA nothing more than a showcase of gory special effects after the real climax is over and done with.

THE EXORCIST skirts many of Hammer's current weaknesses by being a film dedicated to its pacing. It also takes another old horror film cliché and dares to go down a forbidden path. Little children have served as symbols of evil before, as films such as THE BAD SEED, THE OTHER, THE HOUSE THAT DRIPPED BLOOD (Christopher Lee segment), SPIRITS OF THE DEAD (Felini segment), VILLAGE/CHILDREN OF THE DAMNED, THE NIGHTCRAWLERS, etc. have shown us, but in each of these films, the "shock" has usually been in the final realization that the cute little boy or girl is the one behind the horrible murders. The paradox lies in the fact that their evil is in no way mirrored by their outward appearance. Blatty and Friedkin have taken this and gone the additional step. They have removed the "picture of Doran Gray" from the child's "set," and allowed us to see the evil in all its repugnance.

Current permiaureness in the cinema has advanced from the time of the blood bath of PSYCHO to a stage when verbal and visual obscenities are permitted to exist on film. Blatty and Friedkin have taken full advantage of their times by creating scenes which the effects and makeup reinforce, rather



than dominate. To make an audience of today believe in the total transformation of innocence to absolute evil, to resurrect the very Devil himself, the old methods of horned demons and zoom-clip-outs would have to be discarded in favor of something contemporary audiences could relate to and be shocked at.

These are the essentials of *THE EXORCIST*. Critics have deplored its lack of build-up in terms of atmosphere and suspense; its lack of characterization, its lack of... humanity. It isn't as if Blatty and Friedkin are unsympathetic with their small innocent victim, or the girl's mother, or trying to out-guess a BLOOD FEAST or 2000 MANIACS (the many cuts in the shooting script and Blatty's notes on not to show things as the child's way during the exorcism session were rejected, meaning that he gave himself personal boundaries to work within). It is that all of these other things have been pushed aside, relegated to a secondary role in favor of developing the new form of horror. It isn't BLOOD FEAST all over again, because it is polished, well acted, as well as being superbly directed and written. It isn't *Bergman's THE MAGICIAN* either... simply because it doesn't choose to go in that direction.

I finally saw *THE EXORCIST* on the last day of 1973, having taken special care not to read the novel, any reviews of either the book or film, nor discuss the film with friends who had already seen it. Having approached and enjoyed *ROSEMARY'S BABY* in the same manner when I first saw it, I hoped against hope that the same kind of happening would occur again. I found the first half hour quite dull, lacking the interest of the hints of horror to come which Polanski had far better incorporated into his film. The Holy Trinity prologue was all too obvious, "Dance of Man" seemed, what with its burning sun, vast desolation, the almost complete absence of dialogue (for understandable dialogue), and the many varied high-pitched sounds (i.e. the dogs fighting, the sounds at the die, the native language, and the culminating buzzing hum... a direct spin-off of the slab's sounds in 2001). After this, and a half hour more of character introduction and implications through sounds and abnormal behavior that the demon of the desert had invaded Georgetown, I was almost prepared to leave (I missed the bus, had I not stood in line for two hours and paid seven dollars for the ticket). Finally, the sequence involving the shaking of the bed occurred. Quite honestly, this woke me up, although in retrospect it wasn't much more than a scene from *THE HAUNTING* or *THE LEGEND OF HELL HOUSE*. From then on, the film began to pick up its pace, reaching one peak and diving before rapidly coming to another... over and over again. Unlike *PSYCHO*, the only film I could conceivably compare it with offhand in terms of outright shock value, *THE EXORCIST* does not restrain itself to lengthy build-ups, but proceeds from shock to shock, each one attempting (generally successfully) to outdo the previous one, leaving me viewers stunned and numb. I left the theater with a feeling akin to having left a carnival ride, a marvelous heart-pounding, nervous feeling like the flick of which was incomparable with any previous film experience. I returned home hours later, the memory of the demon's features still an indelible imprint on my mind, causing me to turn the light on in my bedroom and inspect the corners of the room the following day and, during the night, experienced a nightmare about myself becoming possessed. Normally, I only get nightmares when I'm fearful, and then they are not of the "horror movie" type; those, when they do intrinsically occur, are regarded with a feeling of relatively casual detachment. This nightmare was unlike any other since it did not especially disturb or interrupt my sleep, but bothered me only after I awoke and prepared to go to work. It was amazed that a film should have such an effect on me so long after seeing it.

I next saw the picture in Saratoga, Pennsylvania, during the first week of March. The theater wasn't packed and, while one rather mentally disturbed fellow (by my standards, at least) laughed during the carpal twisting sequence, he was unprepared for the more violent scenes and was not heard from again. It is interesting to examine differences in audience reaction between the time of my first December viewing and my third this past June in New York. My co-workers in December responded to the film very much as I did, I didn't

...And A Second Opinion by DAVID MacDOWALL

By now, everyone and his two headed brother knows about *THE EXORCIST*. As a gross of \$20,000,000 to date, it is the most successful film of all time. It's projected to become one of the ten top grossing films of all time.

A financial coup of these proportions lures out in the cold any question of morality, artistic taste or aesthetic value. I don't matter whether you like the movie. The direct intoxication of god manhood makes it too much of an event for that. Once this is stated, what can be added that isn't superfluous? Then again, what isn't superfluous when you get right down to it? So let's brave the slings and arrows of this outrageous fortune by darning to carp and criticize.

Why is *THE EXORCIST* such an event? What are the resonances which have drawn such crowds? What causes some spectators to blow their minds while watching the film? Some of these questions are bound to resolve better treatment at the hands of future historians and sociologists than they can now. For surely there won't be any easy answers in the next few years.

Some comments can safely be made about *THE EXORCIST* at the present time. It deals with possession and exorcism. It deals specifically with a 12 year old girl, Regan MacNeil, whose aberrant behavior leads to surmises she may be possessed by a demon. Priests are called in, as a last ditch effort, and through the rituals of exorcism the girl returns to her normal state. The movie is based on an enormously popular novel by William Peter Blatty. And I can't take any of it very seriously.

Most of that seems accurate enough. After this point, matters become cloudy. The meaning and implications of the book are muddled. The intentions of the author are unclear. What happens in the film becomes questionable. Any final conclusions we may try to reach tend to founder for

notice any of the published failings or sickness, but some did leave when the going got rough. By June, no one had come to the theater unprepared. The word was out, and the audience openly jeered, laughed and hurled comments at the screen. I can't relate to that; I take the picture to be serious entertainment.

Perhaps those who do laugh at the film, who feel they must laugh with or at it, do so by way of announcing their individual "sophistication." Perhaps some of them need to laugh. Most of us, when momentarily caught unaware of something (in film, even the cheap knife-stabbing cliché of the pornographic MEMORIES WITHIN MIES AGGIE), we react with shock. There is no laughter during the scene itself. Afterward, if laugh or cheer or chuckle at the prospect of a release from holding our breath. Those who come to *THE EXORCIST* with knowledge of its content, ready to steel themselves against the shock, may use laughter as their defense against allowing themselves to become involved with the horror presented.

Many film critics on both sides of the fence regarding *THE EXORCIST* are making the most of its similarity to 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY. In some ways the comparison is appropriate. The huge, fanged, and ghastly and terrible nature of the "ultimate trip" as the ultimate horror; the carnival ride approach taken by both; the symbolic scenes adopted by Friedkin from Kubrick's film; even the style of presenting the credits and the use of several different works of music (unlike 2001, I wish someone would have insisted on using the talents of Bernard Herrmann to compose the score to *THE EXORCIST*), his recent psycho-thriller SISTERS displays that he is the master of this type of mood music.

While *THE EXORCIST* can be viewed as the horror film's answer to what 2001 was for science fiction (at least in terms of box office success), the major difference, for one, is that while 2001 consciously strives for visual metaphors and symbolism on a variety of levels (ideas are as important to 2001 as its effects) the same cannot be said for *THE EXORCIST*. It becomes silly and, at the very least, pretentious and cliché when it strains hardest at artistic implications. Blatty himself has admitted that the whole idea of the angelus in the opening credits, the wormy bit of the Karmasutra and the two ostriched to Christ, is ridiculous since this Christian relic could never have been found in a pre-Christian city like Nineveh. Blatty has brought this out and it's almost as if it were conceived and executed like some sort of practical joke. Those who seek to criticize *THE EXORCIST* by either prating or condemning this type of thing are not succeeding in reaching its core, nor are those who are dropping up errors in the medical examinations, etc., these being minor and insignificant points. One can go as far as to suggest that Vincent Price would have served much better in the role of Merin (after having thoroughly debunked the whole film). In spite of Price's talents, all it would have taken was one glimpse of his familiar features to bring down the house and destroy the serious mood created and sustained throughout. There are moments of laughter in the picture, but they come about as a result of witty dialogue, not manufactured comic relief.

It is hard to understand some people dismissing the film because it deals so blatantly with obscenity; but one would probably find himself eventually disliking the Devil and his workings if they do actually exist. I dread an outpouring of filmed horror combined with blasphemous obscenity. We have experienced enough of that with films such as MARK OF THE DEVIL to suffice us a lifetime. But Blatty, Friedkin, Warner Brothers et al. cannot, in my estimation, be lumped into that class of obscene and loud horror film with the making of *THE EXORCIST*. It isn't the mere fact that their film is vulgar and more polished in every way that distinguishes and separates them from that class. It's their serious approach and respect for a down-trodden genre and their attempt to give audiences something fresh and somewhat original in a field which has, for a very long time, been sorely lacking in both talent and superior material. The result with *THE EXORCIST* is Grand Guignol entertainment at its finest. In a sense, then, an achievement bordering on, if not emerging as, a form of art.

lack of sufficient, concrete evidence.

Perhaps it would be helpful to backtrack to the novel's point of origin and make some general statements. In precivilized times, when men were cowering, they saw the world as dichotomized between what they could understand and what mystified them. When Muckluck came upon something which could not be explained, he attributed it to the handwork of spirits or gods. When it took an unpleasant form, like quackwad, Muckly attributed it to the whimsy of some dark, malicious god.

In Christian times, Christian only simplified his dichotomy to a continual duel between God and the devil. If something good happened—praise God. If it was something ill—it was the devil's work.

In light of present knowledge, such beliefs as Muckly's and Christian's are thought too simplistic. We know better. We know the reasons for earthquakes and tsunamis. We can create artificial lightning. Gift, as products of a common ancestry, there are many Mucklys and Christians who do not believe God is "dead." It follows, as the night the day, that if God lives, then so does the devil.

It seems more likely than not that people believe in God or the devil as it suits their purpose. The need to find some explanation for worldly ills requires that many people create scapegoats. If no scapegoat is immediately at hand, one must be invented or re-invented.

Actually, we already have many scapegoats onto which we can pile our misfortunes. They may be big business corporations, other skin colors, differing religious beliefs, inflation, a governmental body, even a specific man. When life goes crumbly, some of us say those things or people are in league with the devil to have caused us hardship. In such a scheme, the troubles of today can be fobbed off as easily as they were 9000 years ago. The only difference is that today we do so at our own risk.



If persons and things can be in league, be possessed, then the services of an exorcist could be called for. That man's job is to rid the possessed of its demonic agent, sometimes at personal danger to himself. Having done his job, the exorcist can go about his business, and the exorcised can regain lost grace. It's all so very easy.

It isn't really, though. When Alexander Haig claimed that, if presidential tapes were not droned by mortal man, there was an evil force at work in the White House, he was asking us to swallow a big can of worms. When Lt. Calley declined his responsibility for genocidal behavior, he ignored his right and privilege as a 20th century man not only to make his own choices but to accept primary responsibility for those choices.

Is Haig indicating the White House requires the services of an exorcist? Does Calley expect everyone will forgive his actions because the devil made him do it? That may have been good enough 1800 years ago, but it isn't good enough now.

To a logical mind there is little wonder that the Catholic church seldom performs exorcisms any more. Even less wonder they don't talk about such rituals. Could it be that possession is passé? That exorcism is absurd? More than likely both possession and exorcism exist only in the realms of our minds, to torment us. Their conception is really only a willful conceit: a romantic device like high button shoes or buckled saddles.

The idea of possession would seem choice for fictional writing. It's been kicking around for ages, but its time hadn't come—until now.

William Batty was schooling at Georgetown University in 1949, at which time an interesting story was reported from Mt. Rainier, Maryland. There, Jesuit priests required 3 months to vanquish demons from a 34 year old boy. One of Batty's teachers, Father Thomas V. Birmingham, S.J. (who eventually appeared in his film), suggested he use the case as basis for an oratorical assignment. Once his interest was kindled, Batty probably didn't need a similar assignment to come from St. Louis University, in 1950. There, the son of a Lutheran minister was delivered from his affliction. The rites turned the hair of one Jesuit exorcist, Father Bowdoin, snow white.

Though he flirted with the idea of possession in his novel, *Twelve*, *Twelve*, "Killer" Kane, Batty associated more with comedy during his subsequent career as a writer. Humorous reminiscences of his early years are to be found in the book, *Which Way to Mecca, Jack?* He also worked on the screenplays for JOHN GOLDFARB, PLEASE COME HOME, WHAT DID YOU DO IN THE WAR, DADDY?, THE GREAT BARK ROBBERY and DARLING LILI. Eventually, he returned a full force to the matter of possession.

The *Exorcist*, which appeared in 1971, is Batty's magnum opus. It is not without some merit. It reads like a sacred text, mainly rapid narrative, action and incident. There is little characterization or personal viewpoint. The story lays when Batty introduces evidence regarding possession to bolster his case.

In television and other news media interviews, he took pains to deny that the book was specifically about exorcism or possession. He claimed to have written a novel about faith. His comments during these interviews would have us believe no personification of the devil or God was intended; that any resemblance to demons living or dead was purely coincidental. As a story about faith, the novel fails miserably to convince.

When it does not fail it is entirely up a sensationalistic premise. He arraigned those earlier case histories of boys, and made them into a composite study of a girl. The thought of a girl child suddenly being possessed by demonic forces is entirely more salable and ludicrous than the same story would have been with a boy as focal point.

A primary objection must be noted here. The entire emblem of children is bellie mothers, like *A Boy and His Dog* in Jamaica. The *Red Seed*, *The Middle*, *Cockney* or *The Other*, has been whizzed overworked. Without disciplined thought to freshen the premise, any satisfaction at following the darling little demons as they wreak their havoc and reap their just deserts is only to be found at a childish pop psychology level.

Batty has been loathe to draw any direct manifestation of possession in his tale of young Regan. When confronted during those media interviews, he has fallen back on the case histories to vindicate his exercise. This sleight of hand—having synthesized an instance of "possession"—allows great leeway to wallow in credulity.

It must be admitted Batty's spectacle has a certain potentia quality. How often have we been presented with a 12 year old girl with Regan's unusual stigmata? She displays abnormal physical strength. She is an inarguable controversial. Her visage continually demonstrates. She exhibits abilities of

levitation, precognition, telepathy, telekinesis, stigmata. She mouths gutter obscenities like a longshoreman. Coupled with these are moments when the child abuses herself with a crucifix, and forces her mother to perform cannibalism on her. She isn't your average girl next door. And the tale isn't fun, though some individuals may find it entertaining. Batty's strange methods diminish legitimate interest in the matter. And he advanced a true documentation of "possession" rather than boldly conjuring one as he has, it might have proved illuminating.

Batty doesn't deserve too much discredit in this. He simply capitalized on an occult trend. The trend became overtly evident in 1967 with the success of Ira Levin's *Rosemary's Baby*. It hasn't shown signs of declining yet. In fact, with current popular articulation of psychic phenomena, the score remains and shall remain running high, we may not have hit the great fruition. Where Levin had one crackerjack idea and lent it a degree of persuasiveness, Batty tries for the same. It just doesn't turn out as well.

His point of departure is far enough. There have been devils and gods worshipped since before the commencement of civilization. He lays his case for Catholicism being one briefly, contemporary guardian against the encroachment of disbelief. The exorcism he then describes is a turbid failure in spiritual terms. The officiating priests do not manage to rout the malignancy from the child. It leaves of its own accord after molesting Regan, brutalizing various people, murdering one, and causing a "suicide" upon departure.

If Batty says anything coherent, it is that malignant forces are afoot. They will come and go as they please without anyone's being able to stop them. Any rekindling of belief in the powers of the church is groundless in this light. The quest upward ends in both the book and the film are undercut by what has preceded them. It would seem most reader and viewer credulity and Batty's own obligation are on a par.

Batty's ability can't be considered totally conscientious, however. He has a way with his conversation. We may snicker at \$2 innies like: (doctor to Chris MacNeil), when he can't explain what's wrong with Regan? "The problem with your daughter is not her bed; it's her brain." Batty indulges himself in some facile movie humor. His screenplay records such edifying jollities as: (Chris commenting on her current film, CRASH COURSE) "...like the Walt Disney version of the MC GILL MOUNT STORY"; or (police Lt. Kinderman to Foster Kanne) "Did anyone ever say you look exactly like John Garfield in BODY AND SOUL?"; or (Kinderman to Chris) "I saw your film, ANGEL, 6 times." We also get treated to easy laughs at the expense of Groucho Marx, Debbie Reynolds, and Sal Mineo.

Batty does understand something of tempo, and the gradual accretion of detail. He allows us to be drawn into the horror slowly rather than amaze for an immediate impression. When Regan talks about a home the doctor, Chris asks whether it was a mark, a gelding, or what? Regan thinks it may have been a gelding. She lacks knowledge of sexual matters. A tumbler over a cookie shows us the mother is stronger than daughter. Both scenes are lightly done. Both prepare us subtly for coming revelations.

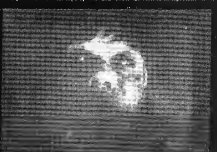
In knowing what would aid, he included fashionable debunkings of the medical profession and law enforcement, as well as of the church. Whenever the nouns—same material or whatever—the book became a best seller. The *Exorcist* rode the crest of top ten lists' listings long enough for Hollywood to take notice.

Hollywood, in 1971, was experiencing a major doldrum. The youthquake cycle had imploded. Some studios had merged, while others had folded. Ticket sales were down drastically. No movie knew quite what audience wanted. Each studio prayed for one blockbuster a year to stay in the black. And no one knew which films would hit and which would fizzle.

A safe bet has almost always been the best seller, particularly if the material is not visualized too much on the page. The subject matter of *The Exorcist* may have raised a few eyebrows. All the same, Batty extracted a fabulous contract from Warner Brothers for the rights to his novel, a screenplay, and production rights.

The genius of this stroke should not go unappreciated. Batty could superseed production of the film version; make certain no drastic alterations were wrought on his offspring, and gather additional revenues to those already harvested.

Batty's capitalization on Christian's fears, however much they need shaking up, remains in question. Also questionable are the ellipses he makes in transferring the book to film. As the film exists, it is no more trenchantly about faith or spirit than was the novel. By obscuring intentions in the film, Batty would leave matters open and allow for various interpretations. He



succeeded only in obscuring issues to a point where any bloody interpretation is possible.

This could be considered as an aim at absolute objectivity, but it could also be looked on as having your cake and eating it too. Talking with Hollis Alpert, for a feature article in *World* (2/13/73), the film's director said: "Let the audience come out of the theater and decide what they want to take away from it. We're not loading the cards one way or the other. It's not a film about the occult, unless you're inclined to believe in the occult. It's not a film about demonic possession, unless you're inclined to accept such a happening." It could, as easily be the author uttering those perplexing words. The book and the film must be about possession. Otherwise somebody's bananas.

It is worth mentioning that many details and incidents in the film are unclear unless the novel is read before or after seeing it. Even then, some mysteries remain.

Nowhere in the film is it directly revealed Father Merrin, the exorcist, is being sucked into a confrontation with the demon/doll. (For the sake of consistency, it's safer to it as the 'demon'.) Only careful attention to unexpressed images or to the sound track offer any hints. The name "Merrin" can be heard spoken in the background of the tape of Regan's voice. When the priest enters the bedevilled household, a thunderously distorted and over amplified voice belows his name. To anyone unfamiliar with the book, it is virtually impossible to construe the entire possession as an elaborate charade



devised by the demon in 'return match' between them. (Merrin had saved it years before, in Africa. This bout was designed to even the score—perhaps by eventually possessing Merrin.) Along this same line, there is only the slightest indication Regan is fought but a pawn in the unholy game. We are given suggestions early during the film that everything she later says and does is in direct correspondence to what she has already seen and heard other people do.

This example of mimicry in extremis is not just a coincidence. It is a deliberate, by the entire opening sequence. A medal of differing antiquity from surrounding artifacts excavated at Nineveh; the inexplicable stopping of a clock; a half bent droshky; a vicious dog fight; or contemplation of a pagan statue amount to exotic atmosphere and little else. Ten or more minutes of those uncried red herrings do nothing to hint our sense of foreboding. Merrin enters to his architect friend that he must leave the digs in Northern Iraq and return to the United States because: "There is something I must do." What tells him so? When he finally appears in the film, it is hard to recall where we saw him before or what business he has in Georgetown—excepting that this is what the author ordained.

The medal appears during the film, both in and out of the action, as a leitmotif. Its importance as an amulet warding off evil is lost to us unless we already recognize it as such. (How many of us notice Regan close it off Father Karras during their ultimate battle, preparing him for possession?)

How do we interpret the scandalously vandalized Madonna? It could be meant to stand in counterpoint to the pagan statue, Pazuzu, also serving to include by its desecration that a vortex of horror spirals ever closer to the Nachli home. Who knows?

If it isn't caught on the wing that one guest of the house party is an atheist, Regan's declaration: "You're going to die up there" is just protest for one of the early shock moments. Moreover, because we can only assume her remark will come true, the premonitory issue remains extraneous to the film's flow.

Why does the creature react so violently to the phony holy water? To assume it is intended to sicken everyone in that Regan really is possessed, and thereby bring Merrin on the scene, is only to compound the issue. After all, we then react with the same degree of violence when real holy water is sprinkled on it. Maybe Blatty's doing a number on our heads.

Why do both priests see Regan unbound during the exorcism ritual, leading it up before the pagan statue, then bound again? Can the demon cause mass hallucinations, too?

Now many of these questions are petty, nagging matters. Some of them probably needn't have rational answers. Still, some of them should. This we must go to the novel to discern their meanings, where possible, is unfair. We shouldn't have to read the book to make sense of what appears on the screen.

If these questions were clarified in the script, they were editorially confused before the film was distributed (more about that later). No matter how it is approached, Blatty had his chance to tidy up and he blew it. He can't really blame anyone else for the slip. Nor would it be untrue to say there is a cynical unbecomingly to his work which galls. And we supposedly such look as not to notice or care about discrepancies in the film.

The screenplay, then, is a garbled affair. Pissed with illogic, it is as riddled with inconsistencies as we could hope against finding. It isn't surprising Blatty wanted to write a tale about faith? What he achieved is only a horror story with pretensions to something more. (There was a publicized item not long ago that Blatty was writing a new scene to be shot and appended to the exorcism sequences. It was intended to make the experience a more positive spiritual one. Women now dance any hint of such doctored.) From whatever direction one cares to look at Blatty's work, it is still mainly a horror flick. About the only conceivable element it lacks would be the friendly, family pet that grows and runs from Regan's presence, indicating she isn't quite herself. Luckily for Blatty, his buddy, William Friedkin, directed this big and lost it the surface shown it has.

Friedkin began in television, directing hundreds of local shows before graduating to *GODDARD TIMES*, a *Serény* and *Cher* comedy of 1968. It did nothing for his career. Nor did screen versions of *THE BIRTHDAY PARTY* or *THE BOYS IN THE BAND*. He was merely refining his technique on those assignments. Then his craftsmanship hit a bull's eye with *THE NIGHT THEY RAIDED MINSKY'S*: an airy, merry couple of hours harmlessly spent, and a somewhat underrated film. Friedkin reached the big time with *THE FRENCH CONNECTION*. Despite its proscribed beginning and ending, the movie contained a real passion that shined up everything else with its slambang images and editing. It won Oscars for itself, the star, Gene Hackman, and Mr. F. Suddenly Billy Friedkin was Hollywood's fair-haired boy.

Speaking to *Chris Chase*, for a *New York Times* Sunday film piece, in 1972, he remarked about his career: "I'm making commercial films, I'm making a product designed to have people buy it." No dispute there. No argument he. Friedkin may turn out to be the purest movie technician since Michael Curtiz. It goes toward explaining how he can accommodate such deplorable taste, and pump it full of his creative juices. With *THE EXORCIST*, he's got a hit on his hands which should overshadow even the spurs of *CONNECTION*. (Distant relations are already with us. The late James Nicholson brought out *THE LEGEND OF HELL HOUSE* in '73. This modest programmer, scripted by Richard Matheson and directed by John Hough, is extremely unpretentious and amusing. The cast and crew make it a fun outing by not straining for significance. If the first Goughian revelation had been

Dynasty young director William Friedkin in action while filming *THE EXORCIST*. TOP: Friedkin consults author-producer William Peter Blatty, who also plays the role of film producer in the picture. MIDDLE: Blatty works out a scene with Ellen Burstyn as Regan. BOTTOM: Jason Miller listens as Billy gives Tito Valdez a few pointers.



Scenes apparently filmed but edited out of the release print. ABOVE: Linda Blair and Ellen Burstyn during an outting. TOP RIGHT: A sequence with Jason Miller and Rev. William G'Malley S.J. BOTTOM RIGHT: In early encounter with the possessed child.



altered, it might have ended up the better film. Now **TOUCH OF SATAN, MARK OF THE DEVIL**, part two, and porno crud like **POSSESSED** are cashing in on the dawning power of the **EXORCIST**.)

As those who have seen the film can attest to, Friedkin hits and holds a high hypnotic pitch unrelented by Blatty's humorous interludes. Trusting the property allowed Friedkin to sidestep some of the horror genre's more gaping maws—though we could do without the imitation of the anachronist pose Regan takes as she levitates.

Perhaps the single most successful demonstration of his grip on audience ambivalences is in those moments when he lets the camera sit peered on the doorway of the Madril home and regard the closed bedroom door. No intrusion to the room itself is needed to produce a shiver at the foulness behind the door.

Billy also gets a lot of mileage from the luxuries of a moving camera and longer takes. They generate more of the intended atmosphere than his previously matched frantic, fly-by strokes of a "psycho" would have.

It seems the director got every effect he went after, including his beloved cold set. Only briefly were the wires visibly manipulating his ideas.

One of the most obvious integral aspects of his success, apart from editing, is the employment of amplified, often distorted sounds. He and audio director, Chris Newman, achieve a stunning badness of sound track augmentations. There is no original music to speak of. (One cannot quite imagine "The Theme from **THE EXORCIST**," though Mike Oldfield's Tubular Bells rendition over the end credits passes for one.) The main displeasure here is that the entire recording level is pitched too loudly. Words spoken in conversation reverberate in our ears. Screams, of which there are many, literally shake the theater.

The other main factors for his triumph are the appropriateness of his images, and the timing of shock effects. Children scrambling down the street on truck or 2 runs, their habits billowing in an evening breeze. He calibrates the stages of Regan's physical deterioration for their maximum influence. After fretting our nerves for the worst apparitions to come (in such moments as Chris exploring the attic for ribs and her carrels suddenly flaring forth), we start getting the main sources. Oops, there goes someone's lunch! Everything before it palls in comparison to the moment when Chris rushes into Regan's room, through a hail of belongings flung psychically through the air. The horror escalates then, topping one hideous plateau after another, until more would be a surfeit on audience involvement. Failing only slightly behind this is the actual exorcism sequence, probably because it is extended.



Friedkin shows us he's up on his movie, too. The scene at Bellevue Hospital is a direct borrowing from **THE SNAKE PIT**. The locked ward doubles for a brief vision of the Pit, awash with tormented souls. But he spoils the good idea with bits of business. One inmate taps off Karno's clerical collar (and is later seen sucking on it), while another chugs silt on her bed desperately clasping her hands in prayer. Spiritual overtones, let it? The scene where Karno approaches his mother's apartment and passes ghetto kids demolishing an abandoned car for sport is reaching for social significance to attain only self importance.

If Billy doesn't know when to leave a good thing be, with bad things he can't give enough to suit his conception of audience requirements. The scene where Regan is administered an antegravim is inaccurately M*A*S*H like. Such blood spurtings are not found in this sort of medical test. It goes double in spots when Regan vomits bile, unless, of course, there was no intention of calling what she spews forth "bile"—in which case what are we supposed to call it? For the realistic record, bile is not that color. By loading the sick in favor of psychodrama by effective but nauseating veridical puns, he loses some points he gained elsewhere.

All in all, Mr. Friedkin is still learning his trade. He's efficient, inventive, gutsy and intent more on the mechanics of scaring us than on more delicate nuances. It is just as well the budget allowed the hint of accomplished performance.

Ellen Burstyn offers a jazzy, keyed up authority as Chris MacNeil, movie star mother. (She has one of those loaded character names, like "Rosemary Woodhouse.") She doesn't get to show much of the range she divined in **THE LAST PICTURE SHOW**. This, as with all the other performances, has as much to do with pedestrian writing as it does with absentee directing. Miss Burstyn looks reminiscent of Shirley MacLaine in **THE POSSESSION OF JILL DELANEY**. It comes as no intense shock Blatty fashioned the character after the actress. Father Martin is portrayed by Max von Sydow, with an intentional nod to his roles in **THE GREATEST STORY EVER TOLD** and **Banana's THE MAGICIAN AND THE SEVENTH SEAL**. Von Sydow does little in the film beyond look potent, commanding and resolute in his faith. His clearest moments to acting are those when he performs a heart confessions. The late Jack MacGowan, as Darrington, roared less screen time than might have been hoped for. His talent will be sorely missed. Lee J. Cobb wanders elegantly through the proceedings as kindly Lt. Kinderman, adding movie trivia and asking for autographs. Jason Miller, Pulitzerized author of the Broadway hit, "The Championship Season," and sometime actor, is a face new to films. He's refreshing thereby as Father Karras. With the comparison made to John Garfield (both men have a scrunched look about them as if on the run from some menace not quite definable), Miller imports some passing believability in a man of leaped faith. Being bowed by life and labor is only the script's idea. It's one of those cardboard notions where physical approximation remains the primary requisite.



Linda Blair, a junior high school student, was discovered for the plum part of Regan, Regan is the Huld of horrorland. Max Bl. brings with her a delightful piece of miscellaneous information. She was a recent recipient of the President's Award for Physical Fitness. That nugget of humor leads directly to a whole mine load of surmises about who inhabits America during this present administration. Looking three weeks drowned, she wears her makeup and mouth's profanity well.

One cannot help but be concerned at Linda's behalf that such a harrowing introduction to films might cause some lasting scars on her psyche. The filmmakers assure us no, but there were rumors she suffered a collapse during the production. Who can blame her? Carrying speculation further still, it is abundantly wise to enlist the services of children for this sort of venture? If not, what resources can filmmakers come up with?

Since release of the movie, several people have stepped forward to claim part of the laurels for the perfection of Regan's characterization. Mercedes McCambridge, an unused actress if ever there was one, declared she dubbed most of the demon's lines. The ensuing uproar won her a credit all her own, but the film was in release for some time while lacking any mention of her participation. Friedkin, who stated some of the dubbing was in his voice. An unnamed New York actor said he also dubbed portions of the diabolic dialogue. Miss Blair's lighting stand in, Eileen Dietz, says she appeared on screen in makeup "for several exorcism scenes and played nearly all the vomit scenes." Good show, Eileen.

Dick Smith, who designed and executed the many makeup jobs, is a man we mustn't forget to mention when itemizing reasons for the film's popularity. There is also Jordan Laundopoulos, who acted as editorial supervisor. With the proper material, his constructions have the sharpness of a blade in the hands of the demon barber of Fleet Street. He evidently had his work cut out for him here.

It has been noticed that Friedkin, like some other men who need as wide latitude as possible for putting together the final film, overbooks excessively. In turning over excess footage to the editor at a ratio of 10 to 1 (or greater), and hoping for the best, some lapses are bound to occur which make such an organizational method hazardous at best. The jumps and excisions in the final film are quite apparent.

After unmuting on the carpet, Regan is led away while Chris explains "She's been sick." This is the first indication we hear that things are not really as they seem. Directly following that, Regan is bathed and put to bed. Before the bath is over, she has begun to leak pink. When she asks her mother "What's wrong with me?" Chris replies, "Like the doctor said, it's nerves." The doctor must have landed on the cutting room floor. Likewise for "Mrs. Perrin," an occult devotee, who appears in the book. The actress portraying her gets a screen credit but try to locate her anywhere else.

Regan is given the anorgasm. Her lips are severely cracked and chafed. Later, puking about in bed (like second time), her lips are smooth. Scenes at the "Barringer Clinic and Foundation," which figured into the book, are foreshadowed and indicate more was made of the location and then not used. At various times, people cover their noses as if to avoid some stench. Regan's bile was accompanied by such a stench but not only a stench incapable of reproducing such an effect, any mention that such an effect existed is missing. Late during the exorcism, Karras listens to Regan's heart with a stethoscope and gravely announces "She's dying." It sounds like another red herring.

More than just overbooked, Billy may be guilty of his own frenzies. At 33, he is already widely diked for tremors during which he is apt to fit him whatever assistant is closest at hand. These fits probably added more confusion to the production. They surely helped recoup the cost of the film from an original \$4,000,000 to an eventual \$12,000,000.

Dean Rozman handled his chores well enough as cinematographer. The best photographic work in the film, not really surprisingly, was that turned in

by the excellent Billy Williams, who filmed the Asian sequence.

Marcel Veronique and his crew of special effects technicians are to be praised for the skill they showed in creating each noxious detail of the grim saga.

These men and all the others who lent their weary to the movie may have seen themselves as working on a prestige picture—or been doped into believing that was the case. If they thought so, that's sad. All it finally amounted to was rendering to the less noble inclinations of William Blatty, and the adulation of the multitudes. What justification they derived may have come in the form of 10 predictable Oscar nominations.

Just as predictable was Oscar's voting result. The only other serious contender was 20th Century-Fox's *THE STING*. When it came time to present statistics, *THE EXORCIST* got almost nothing. The Academy membership is still too conservative to dream of allowing a horror movie the Oscar as Best Picture of the Year. But in escalating mystery of their voting methods, Blatty's flabby screenplay did win. That honor just goes to show you can fool some of the people some of the time.

As young and old flock to see the movie, the ripples and ramifications widen. Warners issued an infringement of copyright, late in January of this year, against *Newsweek* magazine. (The periodical had scored a major coup by photographing scenes from the film during a screening, and publicizing pictures of Miss Blair in her ghastly getup.) Warners declared they didn't want such pictures abroad because the film company did not "wish to publicize their likeness out of context, as to do so would, in our opinion, tend to discourage members of the public from attending the picture." There's a lot of hogwash here, kids. *Newsweek* desired a quick circulation boost. Warners couldn't bear to let a fetching girl by just because people might want to know what the special effects looked like.

According to the May 24 issue of *Variety*, Father Mark Athanasios C. Karras filed a \$7,000,000 (million of venery) suit against Blatty, Warners, Harper & Row (which published the hard cover edition of the book) and Bantam (which owned paperback rights). Karras claimed to have performed "the religious rite historically known as Exorcism." He complained that various people of his acquaintance (including an educator named "Dyer," a pediatric neurologist named "Dr. Bowd" and a seeress named "Mrs. Perrin") were illegally depicted by Blatty. Hinting the suit might be a platform from which to launch a new career, *Variety* subtitled its story: "Plaintiff Eyes Show Biz." It had to happen. It always does.

Jerry Rubin, in an odd instance of counter-revolutionary activity, came along with an article in New York's *Village Voice* (5/2/74) about the appeal of the film called: "I am Regan, you are Regan." For sheer enjoyment of the nonreligious sort, it tops anything in the movie.

Mental institutions have observed a rise in attendance among people who saw the film and began acting screwy. For several months following the movie's opening, the news media included numerous stories of people who were made physically ill, or who saw "the light," because of *THE EXORCIST*.

The physical and psychological harm rate surrounding the film seems remarkably high. A Cinema One user, where the film played in New York, became acutely distraught because of it. He attempted suicide by jumping in front of a subway train. He managed to amputate a limb.

Catholic officials have reported a sudden reactivation in attendance of Mass and Confession. In an irrational way, *THE EXORCIST* has done more to revitalize the Catholic church than anything in the past couple of centuries.

Who would have thought a year ago that 53% of the people in this country, according to a recent Harris poll, believe in the devil? People on Corleto, yes, but America? Who would have supposed 38% of the populace believe in possession—or even know what it is? And could we have predicted a few years back that more people than ever before would be requesting the services of exorcists? It sounds like a far.

People like kids. Many have gone looking for a chiller they can get their rocks off on. These people lap up the effects and the language and rap through



ATTENTION WARNER BROTHERS! No need to reach for the phone; these photos are not from the film. Painted makeup artist Rick Baker, who created Dick Smith during the making of *THE EXORCIST*, created the model of Regan pictured on the right. It's about the size of a fist. ABOVE: Rick's lovely wife Elaine undergoes the demonic transformation. Elaine also appears on the inside back cover.



the duller portions. They aren't interested in seeing messages of faith or spiritual uplift. They are looking for anything to get out of themselves. Another group get involved with the film, they come away drained and shaken to their souls. Could this be the devil they were worried about in Sunday school? Yeah! Many of these people have gone sunbathing back under ecclesiastical folds. From others a call has gone up for stricter censorship (as if censorship could vanquish their fears of Hell).

Thus we have a new dichotomy. On one hand are those so devastated they would legislate against the ideas advanced by THE EXORCIST. On another hand are those totally enraptured by it.

Whatever the actions of the movie on susceptible audience members, something is missing. Whenever the truth about incidents of possession and/or exorcism, it isn't tackled fairly here.

Perhaps the very idea of filming the property might have been better dropped. It is the product of unworldly minds. These minds have straggled off or ignored all implications of their thesis by exaggerating them. Any presumption they may have had to profundity is quickly dispelled by gazing at the screen. The film floats on a surface of lurid gore and gore rather than probing for the demons below. The Blatty/Friedkin combo doesn't believe in demons or Hell. They are completely fearless men. And they are laughing about it all the way to the bank.

They may not be the ones to laugh last, though. What THE EXORCIST amounts to merely is nothing more than an exorcism in hard core masochism: here we have the devil, straight from Hades, but he gets foiled so God's in His heaven and all must be right with the world.

THE EXORCIST does for those hard core addicts what THE STING does for the soft core addict. It gives such a glimpse into a hell gone past. Do you hate, upon sight? Go see THE LAST DAYS OF POMPEII. Tired of Watergate? Take in THE GREAT GATSBY. Ah, weren't things better then (at least, the way the movies recreate them)? This isn't so much a moment's entertainment as it is a flight from reality, a long, lush flight. Hollywood isn't suffering. The addicts purchasing tickets have put a blush back into the cheeks of the movie capital. And as apparent as all this, I am still upset by the trend it appears to be setting for future films, and future social developments.

Even more upsetting to me was the follow, and those like him, interviewed for the TV news while waiting in line for a performance of THE EXORCIST. He'd seen it twice already, and found it an intensely spiritual experience. For reasons which, as they say "beyond all understanding," he couldn't wait to shell out more money and see it again. When movie was he talking about, I wondered. Surely not THE EXORCIST. All the spirituality in that film could be hidden beneath a sacramental wafer and never go noticed.

The last film to inspire me so completely I needed to see it again, and soon, was Kubrick's 2001. That was a spiritual film in its own substantial right, and an utterly different caudron from what we have here. And what we have here is a complete failure to communicate anything worthwhile.



#22

#24

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THE EXORCIST Warner Brothers 1973
121 minutes. Released in December. Directed by William Friedkin. Written for the screen and Produced by William Peter Blatty. Based on his novel; Executive Producer: Noel Marshall; Associate Producer: David Salven; Director of Photography: Owen Roizen; Makeup Artist: Dick Smith;

Special Effects: Marcel Vercoutere; Production Design: Bill Halley; First Assistant Director: Terence A. Connelly; Set Directors: Jerry Wunderlich; Music: Krzysztof Penderecki; Additional Music Composed by Jack Ritzsch; Director of Photography (Iraq): Billy Williams; Production Manager (Iraq): William Kaplan; Sound (Iraq): Jean-Louis Dacarme; Film Editor (Iraq): Bud Smith; Assistant Film Editor (Iraq): Ross Levy; Supervising Film Editor: Jordan Leondopoulos; Film Editors: Evan Lotman, Norman Say; Assistant Film Editors: Michael Goldman, Craig McKay, Jonathan Pontell; Sound: Chris Newman; Dubbing Mixer: Buzz Knudson; Sound Effects Editors: Fred Brown, Ross Taylor; Special Sound Effects: Ron Nagle, Doc Siegel, Gonzalo Gavira, Bob Fines; Sound Consultants: Hal Landaker; Music Editor: Gene Marks; Costume Designer: Joseph Fawcett; Technical Advisors: Rev. John A. Collins, S.J., Rev. Thomas Berninghaus, S.J., Rev. William O'Malley, S.J., Norman E. Chase, M.D., Prof. Radiolegia N.Y. University Medical Center, Herbert E. Walker, M.D., Arthur A. Snyder, M.D.; Publicist: Howard Newman; A Moya Productions; In Metrocolor and Panavision.

Cast: Ellen Harris (Father Karras), Max von Sydow (Father Merrin), Lee J. Cobb (Lt. Fenderson), Kiddy Winn (Sharon), Jack MacGowran (Burke Dennings), Jason Miller (Father Karras), Linda Blair (Regan), Rev. M. O'Malley, S.J. (Father Dyer), Barton Heyman (Dr. Klein), Peter Masterson (Clinic Director), Rudolf Schundler (Dr. Klein), Christopher Lee (Dr. Robert Symonds (Dr. Tandy), Arthur Storch (Psychiatrist), Rev. T. Berninghaus, S.J. (President of University), Vasiliki Miliaros (Karras' Mother), Titos Vantis (Karras' Uncle), Wallace Rooney (Bishop Ron Faber (Assistant Director).

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Like science fiction, horror offers many opportunities for socially significant symbolism and allegory. Though the primary purpose of horror tales is supposedly to inspire fear, terror and similar emotions, the story's theme and deeper meaning can, and often do, dominate the reader's or viewer's attention. Perhaps the most famous example is Mary Shelley's *Frankenstein*, which still, after 150 years, generates a considerable amount of terror. A reader cannot avoid forming a strong bond with Frankenstein's creation as it so poignantly tells of the torment which it has needlessly suffered. The monster's painful and doomed journey through the civilized world relates forcefully to the lives of all men. The novel is highly underrated due to the fact that its ideas were a century ahead of their time. Today, the work is more moving than ever, and I can think of no novel of its period which has more fully endured the test of time. Another example is Franz Kafka's *The Metamorphosis*, a short novel whose hero awakens to find himself transformed into an insect. While Kafka's works are condemnations upon modern mechanized society rather than horror tales, the author expresses the futility and frustration of man in such a manner as to endow his works with a good deal of potent terror. Gregor Samsa, in *The Metamorphosis*, has been dehumanized to such a degree that he loses his human form. Living as a six-foot centipede, Gregor begins to see life with a clearer perspective. After several useless attempts to communicate with his family, he realizes the emptiness of his existence just before he dies of starvation.

The horror film also contains a good deal of symbolism. However, much of this allegory is derived from the original stories, mostly novels, upon which the films are based. Nevertheless, several horror films exist whose themes are purely those of the filmmakers. One such film is Tod Browning's *FREAKS*, which was discussed at great length in a previous issue of *PHOTON*. *FREAKS* is really an expansion of the Frankenstein theme. The precarious and vulnerable position of the freaks in the film's circus parallels the tortured existence of the monster. To protect themselves, the freaks unite in a close brotherhood and mercilessly claim vengeance upon anyone who wrongs them. Another allegorical film is the incomparable classic, *KING KONG*. Only passing notice was made of *KONG*'s meaning until Bosley Crowther, in his book *The Great Films*, cited no less than three forms of allegory in the film. Crowther found not only the theme of man's dehumanization in a mechanized world—a prevalent theme in horror and science fiction—but also a parallel to America's racial history (comparing Denham's exploitation of Kong to the white man's exploitation of the black) and strong implications from the frustrated love Kong has for Ann Darrow (Fay Wray). Like *Frankenstein*, *KING KONG* is, in some ways, more timely today than the year of its release.

ISLAND OF LOST SOULS is a film whose rich allegory has been largely ignored. Of all the horror films containing symbolism, *ISLAND OF LOST SOULS* is by far the most provocative to discuss, since its theme and that of the novel which sired it are in direct contrast. As shall be revealed shortly, this transformation was rather effortlessly, and perhaps unintentionally, performed simply by shifting the philosophy of the book, which is diluted Marxism, to the similar but far more pessimistic philosophy of Sigmund Freud.

ISLAND OF LOST SOULS stands distinctly apart from other horror films of the thirties. The insipid comic relief and occasional light-heartedness, perennial ingredients in these films, seem totally absent in *LOST SOULS*. Also, while most of the genre films of this period have romantic, fairy-tale stories and themes (exceptions exist, however), *ISLAND OF LOST SOULS* is a gripping, uncompromising tale whose entire appearance conveys gloom and misery. For these reasons the film is, despite its outlandish plot, a step closer to reality than its sister films. These two qualities combine with the events of the plot to give a maturity and harshness rarely found in fantasy films. The film is a definite improvement upon H. G. Wells' *The Island of Dr. Moreau*, though Wells himself disapproved of the transition from novel to film.

The reason *ISLAND OF LOST SOULS* differs from the mainstream of Hollywood horror is twofold. First, the movie was filmed while the entire genre was in a period of crisis (fall, 1932). At this time Universal was distressed over *MURDERS IN THE RUE MORGUE*, released that spring. The film showed a profit at the box-office, but could not repeat the success of the previous blockbusters, *DRACULA* and *FRANKENSTEIN*. So, the Laemmles of Universal, with their ever mounting financial troubles, panicked and cut back their horror film plans for '32-'33. They did keep Karloff under contract and produced *THE OLD DARK HOUSE* and *THE MUMMY* that year; but they also shelved *SUICIDE CLUB*, *CAGLIOSTRO* and a remake of *HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME*, and allowed Bela Lugosi's contract to expire. *WHITE ZOMBIE* was doing fine business, but most of the money was coming from neighborhood theatres, rather than the large movie palaces whose receipts are closely watched by Hollywood producers. Many horror films made the bulk of their profits in this fashion and, as such, only the most meticulous observers realized how successful these films were. The near death blow was Browning's *FREAKS*, whose gutsy horror proved too much for audiences. This film was the first big failure of the still-young genre. With all of these factors in mind, one can easily see why horror was almost branded box-office poison. However, most of the studios had already purchased horror stories and had invested a good deal of money in films which they now mistakenly thought could not show a profit. So, the only alternatives were either to cancel the productions entirely, or to shift emphasis from horror to mystery. Warner Brothers, for example, simply changed *WAX MUSEUM* to *MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM*.



Paramount could not do the same with *ISLAND OF LOST SOULS*. Confident from its success with the Mamoulian-March *DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE* in early 1932, the studio launched a widespread publicity campaign that summer for the yet unscripted Wells novel. Among their schemes was a nationwide beauty contest to pick an unknown for the part of the "panther woman." Judged by such luminaries as Ernst Lubitsch and Cecil B. DeMille, the contest dragged on for almost three months. Soon, Paramount began to worry about its investment, as is evidenced by a quote from a 1932 *Variety*:

"Admittedly a horror picture, Paramount is trying to find a selling angle for *ISLAND OF LOST SOULS* that will eliminate reference to it as such. With the cycle of blood and thunder deemed passed, studio is afraid *LOST SOULS* will do a dive unless the creepy angle is eliminated."

So, the studio began tampering with a half complete film, an act which almost always destroys the final product. However, a true touch of irony arises here, for their changes actually served to make the film more horrifying. Small cuts at various places in the print not only eliminated much of the melodramatics, but also gave the work compactness and proper pacing, all important to effective horror. The studio, proving that it was desperately groping for box-office insurance, obtained Lugosi during the final days of filming for a short but meaty role. Though the embodiment of screen horror, Lugosi had a definite drawing power. With all this toying, *ISLAND OF LOST SOULS* should have emerged an incomprehensible conglomeration; but, quite by accident, all the parts combine to give a near-perfect film. Erle C. Kenton's taut direction and Phillip Wyle's intelligent dialogue keep and characters and the plot well under control. For once, the interference by studio bosses proved beneficial, even if unintentional.

The second reason for *LOST SOULS*' uniqueness is Charles Laughton, who plays Dr. Moreau. Laughton was one of the great actors of this century, and, in your author's opinion, shares with Emil Jannings first place among screen performers. Of the entire parade of mad doctors and maniacs that have crept across the screen in horror films, no character can quite match Laughton's Moreau. The character emerges as the epitome of contemptible conceit. His slithering eyes, subtle smirk and voice which is somehow repulsively vulgar give Moreau a superiority complex of incredible magnitude. Some critics have stated that Laughton overdoes this aspect of the character. However, as a synopsis of the plot will soon show, Moreau is no longer a man, but truly a god, and Laughton is revealing him as a pharaoh-like being who has cast off his humanity. An interesting fact to note is that within a span of less than two years ('32-'33), Laughton brought three monarchs, Dr. Moreau, Emperor Nero and King Henry VIII, to the screen. To each of these roles Laughton gave a highly studied interpretation, and he invests Moreau with a welter of mannerisms, suggesting a homosexuality tinged with sadism. Perhaps Laughton's apparent propensity for such roles was coincidence; but they no doubt aided him when he was called upon to create the worst tyrant of them all—Captain Bligh.

Hence, the peculiarities of the film's appearance can be attributed to peculiarities in its production. What truly sets this film apart is its wealth of symbolism. Political and religious allegory can easily be extracted from *ISLAND OF LOST SOULS*; but such allegory could just as easily be taken from Wells' original novel. Unique to the film is the close correspondence between the plot and characters, and the social theories of Sigmund Freud, the famed neurologist. Since Wells wrote the work near the turn of the century, and Freud's ideas did not take final form until after 1920, the author could not have consciously included such symbolism in his novel. Equating Freud's theories to a horror film is a delicate affair, for this scientist, who truly is one of the great geniuses of the modern age, developed a very intricate relationship between man and society. Also, with Freud's constant modifications and changes in theory, discussing any of Freud's work without discussing all of it is often impossible. Such an undertaking is, of course, far beyond the scope of this article; only a simple model of the theory will be used here. Therefore, a true student of Freud may well find the analysis that follows rather banal, but a necessary simplification is preferable to an overdone and stodgy presentation.

Freud saw man as a biologically motivated being, living for the gratification of his instincts and for the experience of pleasure (the pleasure principle). Primitive man in his pre-civilized, natural state is ruled only by the id and the pleasure principle. In the civilized world, however, man is ruled by law rather than instinct. Forced to live by a code which suppresses his instinctual desires, man becomes frustrated. Of course, a strong desire to return to the primitive exists, and this desire, coupled with the discontent and frustration due to the society, gives rise to Freud's most controversial concept—the death instinct. The death instinct, going beyond a desire to merely return to nature, seeks to reduce all living things, including one's ownself, to inorganic matter. According to Freud, this destructive force exists in every man. Understandably, many of Freud's contemporaries scoffed at the idea of a death instinct, for few people admit to such desires. Freud conceived the death instinct during World War I, when he saw millions of men willingly marching to their deaths. Perhaps the most interesting point of Freudian theory is the conclusion that civilization, in spite of its siring of the death instinct and general discontent in man, is necessary for man's survival, for he would perish in a chaotic world without it. Thus, if man is to survive, he is doomed to live with his survival instinct at war with his death instinct, and his pleasure principle at war with society's laws.

That this theory is the basis of *ISLAND OF LOST SOULS* will become apparent with



a synopsis of the film's plot:

In the South Seas, shipwrecked Edward Parker is taken aboard a freighter, the *Covens*. Montgomery, who is escorting a cargo of jungle animals, cares for Parker and wires ahead that Parker has been found. Davies, the drunken skipper, wants no part of Parker, Montgomery or the cargo. When the ship stops to deposit the cargo at a small isolated island, Parker is thrown overboard. Dr. Moreau, the owner of the island, welcomes the uninvited guest.

Inhabited by weird, primitive natives, the island serves as Moreau's experimental station. Parker is introduced to Lota, a strange, alluring girl. While talking with her, Parker hears horrible screams. Searching out the source, Parker sees Moreau, scalpel in hand, experimenting on one of the natives. He takes Lota and flees, believing that he may be Moreau's next victim. They are scarcely into the jungle before they are surrounded by natives, all of them nightmarish, ape-like men. Moreau appears, sounds a gong and cracks his whip. The natives crouch with fear and their leader recites a curious prayer to Moreau. Moreau leads Parker back to his home.

Parker is told that all the natives were once jungle beasts. Moreau's discoveries of the secrets of evolution have allowed him to transform the animals to near human form. Lota, too, is a product of experiments on a panther. The animal-men consider Moreau a god; but they hate and fear him for the agonies they suffered in the House of Pain, the name given Moreau's laboratory.

In Apia, Parker's failure to arrive distresses his fiancée, Ruth Walker, and she leaves for the island on Captain Donahue's ship. Donahue and Ruth land and are graciously received by Moreau, who suggests they stay the night and depart in the morning. That evening, one of the animal-men, Ouran, breaks into Ruth's room. Donahue fears other incidents will occur and leaves to bring his crew from the ship. Moreau sends Ouran to stop him. When Donahue is killed, the animal-men realize that Moreau, too, can die. Hearing the frenzy of his creations, Moreau confronts them in the jungle. In the confusion, Parker, Montgomery and Ruth escape to the ship.

Moreau sounds the gong and confidently demands the law. The animal-men, fearful at first, attack him. He fights them off with his whip and flees to the house. Surrounded by his monsters, Moreau attempts to frighten them by revealing the House of Pain. The leader has Moreau dragged into the House of Pain and strapped to his own operating table. Moreau screams in wild agony as the monstrosities use the knives which were once used on them. Their insane actions cause a fire to break out, destroying the entire island.

The close analogy between this film and Freud's theory should now be fairly obvious. The characters of Parker, Montgomery and Ruth can be ignored, for they serve only to give the storyline substance and to supply a love interest. Attention shall be focused on Moreau and the animal-men. The jungle animals, and the tropical island itself, symbolize the natural state of man. Heeding no invented law, these animals are guided only by their instincts. Moreau, through his surgical wizardry, transforms these animals to men, fashioned in his own image. To create civilization from the instinctual world, Moreau introduces two controls—law and pain, both of which are incorporated in the prayer of the animal-men. First, "We shall not walk on all fours, that is the law—are we not men?" This statement is of important value, for Freud stated that man experiences pleasure by having his senses (taste, smell, etc.) closer to the ground and that man's erect posture was one of the first libidinal repressions. Second, "We shall not eat meat, that is the law—are we not men?" This law not only represses man's carnivorous instincts, but also controls the hostility arising from frustrations caused by other repressions. Last, "We shall not spill blood, that is the law—are we not men?" The purpose of this law is obviously to control the destructive tendencies of discontent, and to control the death instinct. Thus, Moreau's law is no loosely coined code of ethics, but a systematic process of instinctual denial and submission. To enforce the law, Moreau has pain. Pain has a strange meaning to the animal-men for, though the memories of their torture are vivid, it was through pain that they were created. Freudian theory states that the death instinct is closely related to the pain of birth. Through pain, the child was removed from the womb, the pre-birth paradise where all desires are immediately satisfied. The trauma of birth feeds the death instinct as man seeks a return to the womb through the same avenue by which he left it—pain. Therefore, the animal-men have both fear and fascination for Moreau, master of the House of Pain.

When the law is finally broken, and Moreau is exposed as a sham deity, all repression vaporizes. However, the animal-men cannot return to their natural state, which for them no longer exists. Instead, the death instinct runs rampant, and Moreau (authority, law and religion), the island (civilization) and the animal-men (man) are destroyed in the most vicious and savage manner imaginable. This harrowing ending of the film contrasts sharply with the climax of the novel, and with good reason. Freud's pessimistic conclusions are in direct opposition to those of the Marxist theory, which holds that man can return to a blissful, natural, though highly advanced state. As such, the socialist H. G. Wells did not have Moreau dragged down by his creations in a suicidal blaze of glory. Rather, Moreau pursues an unfinished animal-man, who has escaped the laboratory, into the jungle, and his dead body is found sometime later by the story's narrator, Edward Prendick (Parker in the film). Without Moreau's surgical guidance, the creatures quickly revert to their former ways, running on all fours and losing the power of speech. By changing the novel's climax to the more melodramatic one contained in the film, the filmmakers transformed the theme from a revolutionary one, wherein the animal-men rid themselves of repression and rediscover





their natural state, to a reactionary, Freudian one. Such thematic changeovers are not uncommon in films, as is evidenced by the fate which befell the original script for *THE CABINET OF DR. CALIGARI*. As originally written by Carl Mayer and Hans Janowitz, "Caligari" declares that totalitarian authority is insane authority. When the film was finished, however, the people, not their rulers, were the insane ones.

Another aspect of Freud's theory which figures prominently in *ISLAND OF LOST SOULS* is his concept of the primal family. In this family, the father monopolizes the women. His sons are, therefore, denied sexual gratification and their sexual energies are channeled into useful labor. The sons rise up, slay the father and take the women for themselves. As a result they experience an overwhelming feeling of guilt. Freud did not claim that all primitive families had such a history; but he did maintain that this story or some variation of it exists somewhere in the mind of man, for every man at one time, consciously or unconsciously, desired the death of his father. This death is immediately followed by a strong guilt. Freud, therefore, thought his primal family concept was a simple model for explaining a complex set of emotions centered in man's unconscious.

Laughton's Moreau, hoarding all the pleasures of the island, particularly Lota, the only female, whom he keeps separated from the others, is such a primal father. He admits to having attempted to mate with Lota, and even boasts of the useful labor of the animal-men who slave monotonously to supply the island's power. Here, the film again significantly departs from the novel, since Wells' Moreau created a number of women who live in the jungle community. Prendick, the narrator, even makes reference to the sexual relations of the creatures. In the film, the sexual desires of the animal-men are never hinted at. However, when Donahue and Ruth arrive at the island, a gnome-like animal-man reports, "Two come from ship, one like Lota." At this news the animal-men are immediately excited, as if seized by some energy previously untapped. Another interesting point is that the final revolt is preceded by a rape attempt on Ruth. Ouran, the would-be rapist, is, in fact, Moreau's henchman who is sent to dispose of Donahue. Thus, by expressing a more powerful sex drive, Ouran is assigned more useful tasks.

While *ISLAND OF LOST SOULS* seems to be the embodiment of Freud's theories, the conclusion that the film was meant to be so cannot immediately be drawn. If Freud's view is correct, the story of *ISLAND OF LOST SOULS* exists in the subconscious of man; in adapting the novel, the screenwriters could have unknowingly given it a strong Freudian appearance. If this contention were carried to the extreme, one could claim that the destruction of the animal-men by fire is a result of the guilt feelings which arose from the writer's own desire to kill his father. While such an argument is insupportable, any opinion at all is almost pure conjecture, for, as every film historian knows, researching a film's genesis from the writing stage is often impossible. Of the two writers responsible for the script, Waldemar Young and Philip Wylie, Wylie, a major author in several media, would seem the one more likely to include allegory in his writings. However, Wylie was called to Hollywood from New York in September 1932, to write the dialogue. The beauty contest for finding an unknown to play Lota was held that summer; therefore, the character of Lota, an important component in the film's Freudian ideas, was created by Young in his adaptation. These facts seem to imply that Mr. Young is, at least in part, responsible for the film's symbolism. Your author knows nothing about Waldemar Young, and has not tried to reach Mr. Wylie, so, the question as to whether the allegory is intentional or not remains unanswered for the present.

The fact that the film succeeds both in expressing these ideas and in entertaining in the finest Grand Guignol tradition is a credit to almost every aspect of the production. Particularly striking are the lighting effects. Virtually no scene is shown in clear sunlight or really proper illumination. The days on Moreau's island are entirely overcast, and what little sunlight penetrates the clouds does not penetrate the jungle foliage. Moving through a heavy mist in white panama suits, the characters are at times almost transparent and, at other times, glow with an eerie fluorescence. One can almost feel the intense heat and humidity as Moreau wipes the sweat from his chubby face. This hazy quality of the lighting is one of the single most important contributors to the film's overall effect. The story is barely underway before the viewer feels a genuine discomfort, for the psychological power of the island's heavy, heavy atmosphere is so potent that senses other than just sight and sound are activated. While all viewers may not be so overwhelmed, those who allow themselves to be drawn into the film's spell will sense the odor of swamp gas and the perspiring, grimy animal-men. Other scenes, such as those in Moreau's laboratory are overbright, and only the final confrontation between Moreau and the animal-men is really shown in crystal clarity. Well chosen lighting and photographic methods are evident throughout the whole film, and they give Moreau's world the true appearance of an island of lost souls.

As with most of the early sound horror films, the acting in *ISLAND OF LOST SOULS* is excellent. Much has already been said about Laughton's performance as Moreau. The actor assumes no one attitude toward his character. In some scenes Laughton underplays, and in others a touch of tongue-in-cheek, and even a little ham creeps into the role. However, Laughton's believability never falters, even when the script gives him timeworn lines of "the natives are restless" variety. While one would expect nothing less from Laughton, the low-keyed performance of Arthur Hohl as Montgomery is a true surprise. One of many actors whom Hollywood never quite noticed, Hohl spent almost his entire film career drifting from one part to another. As Montgomery, Hohl showed how fine an actor he really was. All too frequently the arch-fiend in horror films is assisted by a



dim-witted cripple. This clichéd character persists even today (Brudah in 1970's *COUNT YORGA, VAMPIRE*), and usually detracts from the film's overall effect. Fortunately, Moreau's assistant, Montgomery, is a real and tragic figure. His glassy, emotionless eyes often burn with intelligence and knowledge, a horrible knowledge which has many times been drowned in alcohol. Hohl brings this character, with all these dimensions, vividly to life. His quiet, forceful performance is the perfect counterpoint to Laughton's Moreau and fully captures the mood of the film.

Many highly imaginative touches are used by the actors who portray the animal-men. Though their roles are brief, they do far more than just lumber through their scenes. Tetsu Komai as M'ling, Moreau's loyal dog turned loyal manservant, delivers a memorable bit of acting in the film's opening sequence on the freighter. Captain Davies (Stanley Fields) knocks M'ling unconscious. M'ling slowly rises and shakes his head; but he shakes it not as would a man, but as would a dog. The only other reference to M'ling's canine nature is a quick shot of his distinctively non-human ear. However, the impression that this man is really a dog, even though the story has revealed nothing about Moreau's discoveries, is immediately conveyed. Hans Steinke as Ouran also does a fine job. His lustful but naive intentions are obvious in a face which alternates between a satanic grin and a deadpan stare. Ouran's appearance, too, is very effective. His body is covered with a thick, grimy coat of fur; yet his face, unlike the faces of the other animal-men, is hairless, so that every facial expression is detectable. In fact, both the behavior and appearance of this character are strangely suggestive of William Bendix's acclaimed performance a decade later in *THE HAIRY APE*. In the much publicized role of Lota, Kathleen Burke is, unfortunately, outclassed. To perform such a role properly requires a surprisingly large amount of acting skill which Miss Burke simply did not possess. Also, her attempt at romance with Parker (Richard Arlen) is largely a concession to Hollywood's obsession with triangular love affairs and such a compromise in this uncompromising film is very much out of place.

The performance upon which most horror buffs focus their attention is, of course, Bela Lugosi's as the Sayer of the Law. Lugosi always tended to overact, and, if left uncontrolled, as in 1935's *THE RAVEN*, would bring himself into a frenzied tour-de-force which not only enchanted but also distracted the audience. However, overacting in the role of an animal-man who first leads his comrades in prayer and then leads them in revolt is impossible. Hence, Lugosi is for once free to be outrageously melodramatic, and he makes full use of that freedom. In the first of his two scenes Lugosi recites to Moreau the prayer and the law. He drenches each line in a soulful agony. Soon, his whole body is quivering and his voice becomes more strained. He can barely continue as he groans, "His is the hand that makes; His is the hand that heals; His is the House of Pain." Lugosi's near-hysteria contrasts sharply with Laughton's almost obscene tranquility, as Moreau simply wallows in the fear he evokes. The scene ends with the animal-men dispersing at the crack of Moreau's whip.

In the all important final scene, both Lugosi and Laughton are superb, and their verbal exchange is every bit as horrifying as the barbaric actions of the animal-men. However, praising the climax in terms of the acting alone is somewhat naïve, for the real 'star' here is the film editor. Most of the footage of *ISLAND OF LOST SOULS* is devoted to a slow, moody preparation for the thunderous finale, and editing is not really a key factor to such atmospheric scenes. However, the montage of the climax is wondrously efficient. Cutting from Moreau to the Sayer of the Law to the animal-men, the camera captures the rage and ferocity of the revolting creatures and the collapse of Moreau's monumental conceit. Though the editing is indeed a small masterpiece, the success of its results cannot be attributed so much to artistic inspiration as commercial necessity. The print was cut so as to conceal the fact that Laughton and Lugosi never filmed this scene together. As stated above, Lugosi joined the cast in the late days of production. Laughton, with his craving for varied roles and his frequent trips to his native England, was a difficult man for any studio to hold for long, and would not linger once all his scenes were completed. So, the Lugosi scenes, shot a few days later, were wed to the Laughton scenes. A close viewing of Lugosi's two appearances reveals that the camera rhythmically changes from Laughton to Lugosi without showing the two simultaneously. A flaw in this contention may arise, since a rather widely published still from the film (which appears, for instance, in *Clarens' An Illustrated History of the Horror Film*) clearly shows Laughton and Lugosi together. While this photograph may have been actually taken, I would not be at all surprised if a collector were to find, after close examination with a magnifying glass, that two separate negatives had been spliced together.

The climax begins with the death of Donahue. Ouran enters with Donahue's limp body, and is immediately challenged by the Sayer of the Law. "You broke the law," says Lugosi. Ouran, pointing towards Moreau's home, answers in a timid, childlike voice, "HE tell me break Law." Donahue is dragged away, and soon Ouran returns with a blood-stained shred of Donahue's Panama suit. Again in his timid voice he asks, "HE can die?" Lugosi stares with his demonic eyes towards Moreau and answers, "HE can die." With these words the animal-men are thrown into a frenzied excitement. Amused by the commotion and anxious for an opportunity to see the animal-men cower before him, Moreau ignores Montgomery's warnings and strides into the jungle. "What is the Law?" he demands, and a silence falls over the animal-men. The Sayer of the Law responds with great dignity, "The Law is no more." After some initial hesitancy the animal-men begin surrounding Moreau, and here the brilliant montage is created.

The scene cuts between medium close-ups of Laughton and Lugosi, and makes





apparent a previously obscure symbolism. Throughout the film, the white suit is projected as a symbol of authority, superiority and even holiness. All the real humans on the island, Moreau, Montgomery, Parker, Donahue and even Ruth are dressed only in spotless white, while the animal-men live in rags, usually bare-chested. Not until they see the sacred white cloth drenched in blood do they revolt. The animal-man whose garb most closely matches that of the normal men is the Sayer of the Law. As keeper of the faith and upholder of the Law, he is Moreau's representative among the creatures, and his position, accentuated by his white, though tattered, clothing, is one of holiness. In short, Moreau is God and the Sayer of the Law is his Pope. The quick procession of close-ups reveals a strange contrast between the two. Moreau, still cool and unafraid, is immaculately groomed and dressed. His bloated form gives him a definite symmetry and perfection. Indeed, Moreau is every inch a god. Conversely, the Sayer of the Law is gaunt (Lugosi was quite thin in 1932), filthy and mangy. His face is all but unrecognizable beneath his heavy facial hair, and his voice, compared to Moreau's soft diction, is a chaotic collection of broken English.

Enveloped by the dark shadows of the animal-men, Lugosi spews forth his vengeance. "Us not man. Us not beast. Us thing!" That the animal-men should grasp so fully and express so succinctly the nature of their existence is true horror. The most powerful form of horror is the horror of realization, realization of one's own doom and utter helplessness. The emotions of futility and horror are closely linked; and these are just what the audience senses in the animal-men: futility, for they are cursed to remain hideous creatures, and horror, for they fully realize their futility. Perhaps, horror, the strongest of all emotions, is nothing more than the conscious recognition of total futility. If that is so, this climax is the embodiment of horror.

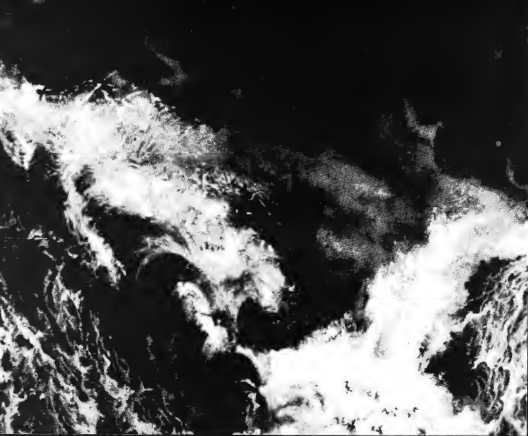
While the Sayer of the Law is delivering his anguished speech, Moreau, keeping the creatures away with his whip, is almost impassive. Interspersed with the close-ups of these two are various shots of the animal-men, or rather, parts of the animal-men. The camera shows crudely fashioned limbs, a hand which is almost a claw, a foot whose toes have been carved from a hoof. Some of the animal-men shown are so imperfect that their original forms, from leopard to pig, are obvious. The most effective shot of this group is a close-up of an animal-man just as Moreau's whip lashes across its face. The creature does not react in the slightest. Through this assortment of frames, the viewer realizes the true repulsion of Moreau's work. One cannot avoid disliking Moreau; but this distaste is due more to his concerted nature than to his brutal treatment of the creatures. However, after seeing the results of Moreau's experiments in such vivid detail, the audience comprehends the ghastliness of his crimes and his total inhumanity. When Moreau's confidence finally vanishes and he madly runs back to his house, no sympathy, whatsoever, is felt for this man.

The walls of Moreau's home are quickly scaled and Moreau is trapped. At first, the victorious animal-men do not know quite what to do with their captive. Instead of beating him, they surround him in disbelief, pawing his body and tugging on his sacred white suit. Seizing this last opportunity to regain his power, the terrified Moreau screams, "This is the House of Pain!" For a split-second the animal-men are stunned, but the camera whirls to snatch a single shot of Lugosi's full figure standing at the laboratory entrance. One can almost see the actor's characteristic Slavic smile beneath the hair as he gleefully echoes Moreau's words, "House of Pain." Moreau is dragged into the laboratory and forced onto a table. "Knives better," instructs the Sayer of the Law, as Moreau dies in agony. Two elements make these closing moments almost unbearably effective. The first is a shot from inside Moreau's glass instrument case. The hands of the animal-men suddenly crash through the panes of glass. Again, these are not human hands, but crude copies of hands which can barely clutch the knives. The second closing touch is Moreau's tortured cry. He does not scream wildly, but rather emits a low, muffled groan. The sound lingers on the mind long after the film. Laughton's final line, an agonized moan, is the perfect ending to a superb performance and a superb film.

A viewer can resist the power of this last scene, and, in view of the horror it can invoke, ignoring the scene may be a wise course of action for some. However, for those who allow themselves to become completely immersed, the climax leaves an indelible impression.

One is forced to wonder just how much of the credit for ISLAND OF LOST SOULS should go to the director, Erle C. Kenton. Kenton was certainly an uneven director, as is evidenced by two other horror films, HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN and HOUSE OF DRACULA. Kenton invested HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN, filmed in 1944, with a good deal of the "old dark house" brand of atmosphere, and kept the plot, which was filled to the brim with monsters, from degenerating into a farce. However, HOUSE OF DRACULA, filmed only a few months later, seems little more than a shadow of its predecessor. Even Lon Chaney, Jr., whose performances as the Wolfman were consistently excellent, is a bloody bore in that role. Reviewing all of Kenton's horror films, including this failure, reveals that the director always approached horror with respect and seriousness. Not one of these films is lighthearted or self-mocking. While a vein of tongue-in-cheek might have made HOUSE OF DRACULA a fine film, Kenton's attitude is all too rare among artists of the genre. When this director's deadly earnest was teamed with a full-blooded performer, such as Laughton, Lugosi (GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN) and Karloff (HOUSE OF

(Continued on page 46)



ANYTHING GOD CAN DO,



Films of a fantastic nature have always had their success dependent upon the calibre of acting, story construction, direction, and, of course, the credibility of the effects which are inevitably involved. As the present time, the skills and talents of special effects cinematography are largely stored in the arch memory of the business, a working knowledge defined by those craftsmen who have been involved in the various operations making up the whole gamut of special effects down through the years. But there were those who pioneered these very special skills, and John P. Fulton remains exceptional among them.

It would certainly be ingenuous to discuss the legend of the horror and fantasy film at any length without exploring the contributions of Fulton's art and how well he usually interpreted the imagination of a writer or director. Considering that fantasy films (particularly those of the thirties) elevated what had frightened us in folk tales to the status of elaborate myths and stand as fascinating products of an industry, we tend to overlook the creative genius physically responsible for the unveiling of the supernatural before our eyes. Illusions that usually render the real parts of such films in terms of entertainment value. Surely John Fulton is one craftsman who has continued in obscurity, although his invisible man, werewolf transformations, and parting of the Red Sea impel a recognition beyond the "John P. Fulton, A.S.C." on the credits.

John P. Fulton's life began in Beatrice, Nebraska in 1902. He graduated from Polytechnical High School in Hollywood, leading to a career in engineering. At a fairly young age, he demonstrated his expertise in mechanics and design, and curiosity about his father's work channeled his drives into the cinema. John's father, "Fitch" Fulton, worked as a painter for the theatre in Denver and later developed into a very fine matte artist for films. He worked for RKO until he died in the mid-fifties, and among his most outstanding accomplishments were the matte paintings of Tara in David G. Selznick's GONE WITH THE WIND and many of the glass paintings for MIGHTY JOE YOUNG.)

Through the influence of his father, John was able to secure a position with Universal as an assistant cameraman, where he received his training in the early twenties. By 1929, he was working as a regular cameraman on a film called HELL'S HARBOR, which was extremely well photographed for its time. Much of its visual success can be attributed to Fulton, for he conceived and constructed a camera where an illuminated mirror (in the groundglass viewfinder) enabled the cameraman to watch the exposed film on one half of the viewing frame while he exposed the next roll. This matching of a reflected image allowed Fulton to obtain a uniformity of exposure unique for the period; he guarded his secret carefully and confined it to his closest associates.

It was during this important period of the mid-twenties that John Fulton's interest in special photographic effects unfolded and blossomed into one of the most creative technical positions in the art of cinema. He went to work for the Frank Williams Laboratory, then on Santa Monica Boulevard and under the supervision of Fred Jackman. Here, due largely to the development of the motorized Bell and Howell pilot-pin camera and the ingenuity of the Williams staff, the traveling matte system was born—known then as the "Williams process"—making possible an unlimited variety of effects that were previously impossible to create satisfactorily. (Before the Williams process evolved, it was customary to create a superposition by making two exposures on the same negative. However, this procedure rendered the image transparent, especially in the highlight areas, so the technique was mainly used for ghost-like effects and montage sequences.)

At the Williams Lab, Fulton's fascination with the possibilities of the traveling matte system developed. John had the foresight to recognize that

full-scale live action and a miniature mall engulfed in flames. When H. G. Wells' story of THE INVISIBLE MAN was offered for production in Hollywood, most studios turned it down because "it just couldn't be made," but Universal bought it purely on the basis of confidence in Fulton. The result was one of the greatest achievements in trick cinematography, and the effects today appear just as powerful and surrealist as they did in the thirties. THE INVISIBLE MAN also brought screen credit for Fulton with the official title of "Special Cinematographer," which was one of the few effects artists to achieve such status at the time (others being F. J. Folz, Edouard G. Ross and projection field and Willis O'Brien in three-dimensional animation techniques).

John P. Fulton died in 1966, but a man who was one of Fulton's closest associates recently celebrated his sixty-sixth birthday—David "Stan" Horsley, A.S.C. Mr. Horsley retired over three years ago as a director of cinematography in Hollywood. He also served on the committee for the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences in formulating the criteria for the annual Special Visual Effects Award. It was a particularly delightful opportunity to be able to conduct an interview with Stan Horsley, a portion of which is presented here. He is probably one of the few still-living technicians who was creatively involved in the production of the great Universal shows that have entertained us down through the years. He may have known Fulton professionally better than anyone else, starting out as Fulton's assistant in the late twenties and working closely with him at Universal. Later on, Fulton was to relinquish his position at Universal to Horsley when he left for Goldenwyn Studios (ultimately taking over the effects department at Paramount, which was his final long-term contract). Mr. Horsley had leadership over Universal's effects department from the mid-forties until the early fifties.

Of course, it should be emphasized here that no film is a one-man show. It is the product of a team. Though Mr. Fulton was credited for the effects on the screen, he was mainly involved in designing and supervising these special processes, and had many fine technicians and artists working for him. Mr. Horsley was very much a part of that team. It is the intention of the following interview to not only shed some light on John Fulton's life and work, but also to reflect Stan Horsley's experience and impressions.

PHOTOH: When did you first become associated with John Fulton?

MR. HORSLEY: I first met John in 1927. He secured a position with Techni-Art Studios on Marathan and Melrose Avenues, across from where the Paramount Studio still stands. Here he worked for an outfit called Inspiration Pictures and photographed a film for director Henry King called EYES OF THE WORLD. I was an assistant cameraman on the production. It was actually one of the first sound pictures to be produced in the U.S.

PHOTOH: SHE GOES TO WAR was also done at Inspiration Pictures in the late twenties. The film contained a long sequence in which miniature tanks were made to go through a huge wall of fire, and I also detected some odor but effective traveling matte shots involving humans with some of the fire footage.

MR. HORSLEY: John was, in all probability, responsible for a good deal of those sequences. Traveling matte shots were a new thing at the time, most of it evolved out of the Frank Williams studio, where John had done most of their composite work. After John left Inspiration Pictures, he worked on a film called SUBMARINE for Columbia, which was started by Irving Waller and finished by Frank Capra. Personally, this was the first big feature that Capra had a chance to direct. Fulton did the trick work, which involved an extensive use of miniatures. I also worked on that picture, however, I was not working with John at the time, but assisting the first cameraman, Joseph Walker, who later did many of Capra's successful features.

PHOTOH: How did you become involved with John's work at Universal?

MR. HORSLEY: I had been doing some work for MGM at the time. In the summer of 1933, a cameraman's strike occurred in sympathy with a screenwriter's strike. I was laid-off for awhile, and I took black-and-white reels. In the spring of 1934, John called me up and said, "Stan, I have a day's work for you at Universal." Well, I walked there that day, and it resulted in my twenty-one year stay at the studio.

PHOTOH: THE INVISIBLE MAN was a tour de force for Fulton's effects work, and perhaps he is best remembered for the particular production and its success.

MR. HORSLEY: Yes, John worked with an assistant named Bill Heckler. The sets were mainly photographed against black velvet, which was airbrushed down to render perfect blacks. Flame was combined with backgrounds via traveling mattes.

PHOTOH: It was probably the first feature extensively using the traveling matte effect that sticks in my mind was the sequence in which a bicycle was made to pedal by itself down a street. That shot always intrigued me.

MR. HORSLEY: Yes, that was a clever touch. I might mention that in the making of THE INVISIBLE MAN Mr. Fulton, of course, was responsible

JOHN P. FULTON DID BETTER

Paul R. Mander discusses the genius of John P. Fulton

composite scenes had to be properly photographed as opposed to combining just any film strips. This mediumness soon led to Universal's appointment of him to take charge of all effects functions, (contrary to other studio policies and to common misperceptions) and to the place of the traveling matte in the story. When Universal acquired the blueprints for back-projection in a story-swap with MGM around 1930, Fulton supervised the composite planning and construction of foreground sets. The importance of recognizing the need for registration precision was automatic to Fulton, when few others realized how crucial these mechanics were in properly rendering the visual effect.

By 1931, Universal Studios began to set a trend in the production of horror and fantasy films, and audiences received them as highly entertaining escapism fare. (This trend can be looked upon as a carry-over from the days of early German expressionistic cinema and a renaissance of the fantasy film in America.) Tod Browning had directed Brian Staker's DRACULA, launching Lugosi into the heights of horror, and James Whale did FRANKENSTEIN, which served as a similar vehicle. Karloff, John Fulton and his colleagues were responsible for a good deal of the stringers in these classics. Many beautifully conceived glass shots highlighted the establishing scenes in both DRACULA and FRANKENSTEIN, and the burning of the mill at the conclusion of FRANKENSTEIN was a superb composite matte shot of



Special effects wizard John P. Fulton (CENTER). LEFT: Fulton just one year prior to his death. (This shot was taken in Mexico in 1984.) SPECIAL THANKS TO JOANNE & BERNICE FULTON FOR SUPPLYING MANY OF THESE PHOTOS.]

for the traveling matte and all that, while an awful lot of the "wire" work was done by Bob Lamb, who was a fine guy and brother of Ernest Lamb, who is still a great motion picture cameraman. Bob was the property man on the show, the bicycle scene and many of the mechanical effects that the trick department was not concerned with were largely the work of this man. James Whale had the problem of working out these scenes with other members of the crew and having the patience to get them done; he deserves great credit for the patience and ingenuity he showed in combining these things in a believable way with the actors. And, of course, Arthur (Lionel) the regular cameraman of the film, did a fine job of making all of the shots work.

PHOTON: The marvelous effects work in *THE INVISIBLE MAN* probably raised a lot of eyebrows in the film world at the time. I know there are a few technical articles written on how the film was made, but very little was made public to the general audience at the time, and a lot of it still remains a mystery.

MR. HORSLEY: Yes, and with good reason. The studio generally discouraged people in trick work from dealing through the press releases, and was strictly hush-hush. The studio felt that to explain to the public how the illusions were provided would impair the entertainment value of the production, and they were probably right. The accolade in trick work was for the work to go completely unnoticed... you not only made invisible men, you were one!

PHOTON: Most of the black humor that highlighted *THE INVISIBLE MAN* was undoubtedly due to the offbeat touch of James Whale, who had a penchant for that sort of thing.

MR. HORSLEY: I gave the best one-word description of Mr. Whale was "fool." There was a soundman who used to work with Whale whose name was Bill Hitchcock. Someone once asked Bill what Whale was like, and he said: "Well, I'll tell you. On the first picture that I ever worked on with the man, he didn't look at me and didn't speak to me. On the second picture, he spoke to me but wouldn't look at me. After I had made four pictures, he would look at me and then talk to me and then I felt as though I had been accepted." He had great respect for actors and all, but he should equally share credit with John Fulton for *THE INVISIBLE MAN* and the horror and fantasy pictures through that period. Fulton had an organization behind him, and Whale was more or less on his own in putting a crew together from picture to picture. He always wanted John because they had great success with *THE INVISIBLE MAN*, which practically kept the studio from going bankrupt. Universal needed the money badly at the time, and it actually kept them on their heels.

PHOTON: With films like *FRANKENSTEIN*, *BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN*, *THE INVISIBLE MAN*, and *THE OLD DARK HOUSE* to their credit, I've often wondered why they didn't continue to turn out other fantasy films later on.

MR. HORSLEY: After the fantasy sequence, Whale was rewarded with a pretty "fat" contract about 1936 or '37 (I believe the figure was about \$3,000 a week) and probably had two or three years before the options came up. Then he was in a different situation, because Universal used him for things they shouldn't have, and didn't give him the time for meticulous preparation, which was his way of working. He was sort of cramped on towards the end.

PHOTON: *BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN* has been considered an all-time great of the horror film genre, and it certainly reflects many marvelous production values. One of the most remarkable sequences was the one in which Ernest Thesiger revealed his "bottled homunculi" to Colin Clive, especially the shot of Thesiger lifting the King back into the bottle with a pair of tweezers.

MR. HORSLEY: When *BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN* was begun, I was Mr. Fulton's assistant. I recall it very well, and it made a very vivid impression on me. The team included John Fulton, Whale, cameraman John MacCall, myself, and others. We went to Professor's laboratory very early, about the second or third day of filming. We were in there about two days doing the scenes in the lab, including all of the objects on the table where the little people would appear. I made very careful measurements using the leveled table top as a reference, and all of the lens heights were relative to the table top. I would carefully log, in inches, the height of the lens in each case, the lens number and its focal length, and read the angle and tilt of the camera with a protractor. After the regular production footage was finished—about five or six weeks—John and I did the full-scale figures that were to go on the bottles against black velvet. We made a rough out of the action. One each equaled one foot, so far as the people were concerned; a six-foot figure would appear six inches high relative to the bottles. The figures were cut and edited, and so were

some of the background scenes of Professor's lab, and then we went to work. The first thing I did was to make a rough dupe with an optical printer comprised of a single printer-head. With a Mitchell camera shooting into it and running on interlocked motors, which kept the whole thing in phase as well as sync, I put the dupe together. Then Mr. Fulton gave me the job of putting the figures in the bottles. Where there was a reflection that appeared in front of the character, it continued to appear and was not diminished by the character. Yet, where there was a reflection in the bottle behind the figure, it was attributed out.

PHOTON: So while Fulton designed and directed, you were the one who actually did the optical work. It certainly was effective and a great sequence to behold.

MR. HORSLEY: Yes, I think the final go on that one was almost flawless. On a Moviola you could go through it a frame at a time and really not detect anything that shouldn't have shown. (MGM paid that sequence out of their studio and studied it and, as a result, appropriated \$75,000 to build complicated optical equipment that would duplicate some of the effects we were doing over at Universal!) Anyhow, I am really proud of that sequence. It was the first complicated job I was allowed to do, as John was busy with the other things on the film, and it was through doing that work that I became a second cameraman.

PHOTON: WEREWOLF OF LONDON was Universal's other classic fantasy production in that same year, this one directed by Stuart Walker. Perhaps the most fascinating sequence was the initial transformation scene, where Henry Hull was seen passing behind a series of pillars. This sequence has often been cited as a series of cuts, although the peculiar fringing of Hull's figure suggested traveling matte work.

MR. HORSLEY: John and I pondered a lot on how this shot was actually going to get done in the pre-production stages of the film. It was obvious to us from the outset that a series of cuts would be a bit too obvious as it would entail breaks in an otherwise smooth piece of camera movement. It was decided to photograph Hull against a black velvet background and matte his figure onto the normal background scene. The pillars were separately photographed and further matted onto this composite, making the precise instant where the alteration in make-up occurred, so that in its final stage there appeared to be no break in camera movement. We were quite satisfied with the first go on that shot, and that slight fringing effect seemed to convey a more eerie visual than what could've been done with just a simple series of cuts.

PHOTON: 1935 gave us the studio's most great fantasy film, *THE INVISIBLE RAY*, directed by Lambert Hillyer. It must've entailed an enormous amount of effects work, with Karloff "glowing" through most of the film.

MR. HORSLEY: *THE INVISIBLE RAY* was something else (laugh). This one I won't forget, believe me! Mr. Fulton had plenty of time to think this one over, and he discussed the problem with Frank Williams, who had the patents on the traveling matte processes and at the time was operating his laboratory in Hollywood. Frank suggested that John use a bi-pack film in photographing Karloff, using a suitable make-up, so that the hands and face would sort of separate out from the rest of the scene. One part of the bi-pack record would be used to print the regular scene, and the other half would be used to take off the matte for the glowing effect. John agreed to do this, we made some tests, and they looked pretty good. The studio decided to go ahead with production, and it had to start on a certain date. Williams came over with about fifteen or twenty thousand feet of this special bi-pack stock in four hundred-foot rolls. Now this was old film, quite old. The two-color (E.S. note: "Two-color" here would've taken quite a bit of time. They were no longer costing that kind of stock for regular order... so we had to go ahead and photograph the film, and Fulton had to figure out a way to ink the matte after it was finished. And that was what was done.

PHOTON: Did you do any effects work on *THE INVISIBLE RAY*?

MR. HORSLEY: I actually had the task of compositing all of those shots of Karloff glowing from the effects of "Sodium Light." We had a crew of girls working around the clock, three eight-hour shifts. We had three stunts, these

were overhead cameras projecting down onto animation boards. The girls would pencil in the hands and face, one frame at a time, and these would be painted onto cells so that the hands and face were black. There was well over a thousand feet of these mottos, so this involved more than fifteen thousand of these drawings. I was there every four hours, day and night, from the time the job started until the time all the mottos were inked and painted.

PHOTON: It was certainly one of the most extensive use of effects in a Universal film, next to *THE INVISIBLE MAN*.

MR. HORSLEY: Of course there were a lot of other effects in there besides the mottos. But beginning with the 'ray' mottos set up, we always had animation available for creating motto shots. An awful lot of work was done that way, especially in the Abbott and Costello films I later worked on. And speaking of A&C pictures, we frequently had to remove wires from set and invisible man sequences which was pretty tricky. We would have to make linked mottos of the wires and print them in, getting rid of reflections and removing them from the positive image from which the final dupe negative was made. So

Some of the wonders Fulton helped bring about in the early days of Universal. TOP: David S. Boyley engineered much of this sequence in BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN (1935). MIDDLE: The glowing effect created quite a few problems for Fulton and his team while filming THE INVISIBLE MAN (1933). BOTTOM: THE INVISIBLE MAN (1933) was filmed largely on the studio's confidence in John Fulton.



that was standard operating procedure at Universal from the time *THE INVISIBLE MAN* was made, and John Fulton subsequently set up this kind of equipment at Samuel Goldwyn and, later, Paramount.

PHOTON: While mentioning Abbott and Costello, it occurs to me that the first time I can recall seeing your name on the credits of a Universal film was *A&C MEET FRANKENSTEIN*. I was always impressed with the smoothness of the bat in that film.

MR. HORSLEY: Yes, I worked on nearly all of the A&C pictures, in fact, all of those that were made at Universal. The actual bat in many of the scenes was constructed by Freddie Knott and Orson Ernst, who later did the director for *THE LASKO UNDISCOVERED*.

PHOTON: Going back to *THE INVISIBLE MAN*, did you ever use the technique of ultra violet light reflecting off ultra violet make-up for any of the effects?

MR. HORSLEY: We didn't use ultraviolet light in *THE INVISIBLE MAN*, but we did frequently resort to that method for other films. The arteries and blood-flow during the transformation scenes at the conclusion of the invisible man films, particularly on *THE INVISIBLE MAN RETURNS*, were done using UV light technique in addition to the lead developer involved in those shots. We would have water flowing through glass tubes, and by introducing a hypodermic syringe and a rubber coupling between the tubes, we could inject a powerful fluorescent dye. As it flowed through the tubes, the UV light would pick it up.

PHOTON: Another marvelous effect in the film occurred when Karloff snarled his death ray at his victims from his window, symbolizing the six victims of his vengeance. The figures appeared to actually melt as opposed to merely crumble.

MR. HORSLEY: Zirconium was a very interesting material that we used for this purpose. It had the property of burning, which could be accelerated by mixing it with various amounts of potash. This mixture could be cast and sculpted into various things and, once ignited, it would melt and glow. You could almost get it to look like lava flow. Then, of course, the footage was shot at high speed to smooth down the action. It was a really highly effective technique. Mr. Fulton devised these effects, but he had many fine technicians and powder men working with him.

PHOTON: There were quite a few great Universal horror films made in the thirties and forties that had some very atmospheric shots, yet the artists responsible weren't given credit.

MR. HORSLEY: Well, J. P. was able to enjoy screen credit on the entire output of Universal Pictures from the early thirties until the fall of 1945 when he left for Goldwyn Studios. He only requested credit on those films where he did a substantial amount of work.

PHOTON: Other studios, of course, soon followed the trend, when they realized that Universal could actually 'frighten' the audience into buying tickets.

MR. HORSLEY: A man I ought to mention here is Martin Murphy. This gentleman was in charge of the production office at Universal in the twenties and through the thirties and forties. Hardly anything happened on the lot without his approval and OK, and he was the one who encouraged the organizing of such things as our process department, and he helped mold and shape the packages that Whale, Karloff, Lugosi and others made so famous.

PHOTON: As you mentioned, 1945 was the year John Fulton left Universal and went to work for Samuel Goldwyn for a while. I believe a very interesting film made during this period which reflected a lot of Fulton's motto work was *WONDER MAN* starring Danny Kaye.

MR. HORSLEY: Yes, Martin Murphy made one mistake. He let Sam Goldwyn have John Fulton to do that film on a 'loan-out' basis, and I think they paid Universal Pictures about \$75,000 for John's services. Fulton was still under contract to Universal, and I think he was getting \$750 a week, or somewhere in that neighborhood. And, of course, he had an option coming up in September of 1946. It was one of those things where he contracted to Universal was running out and he didn't have to resign, so he had the option of going over to Goldwyn, which he did. And it turned out to be a great mistake, because Goldwyn signed him to a two or three-year contract with yearly options, and after about a year, John's price jumped and Goldwyn released him.

PHOTON: Didn't Fulton win his first Academy Award for *WONDER MAN*?

MR. HORSLEY: Yes, that was his first one, and I might say a much belated one. Other fine films John worked on during this period were *THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES* and *TULSA*, a film by Walter Wanger which entailed the bombing of a miniature oil field. He won his second Academy Award for Visual Effects for *THE BRIDGES OF TOKIO*. During the period of the early fifties the transition was made from black-and-white to a three strip Technicolor process, many of those problems consequently were created in the track department with regard to opticals and composite photography. I'd, note, Mr. Horsley, you no doubt referring to the tri-pack color which was one film with the ability to photograph all three colors on one film, rather than three strip Technicolor where three separate synchronized films were needed—one for each color—to photograph one scene. Three-strip Technicolor antedated the tri-pack that came into popular use in the fifties. The blue-backing processes were in their earlier stages of development, and John Fulton played a major role in their evolution.

PHOTON: Which brings us to Fulton's leadership over the effects department of Paramount. It was shortly after the completion of *PAL'S WAR OF THE WORLDS* that Gordon Jennings, who headed the effects department at Paramount, died of a heart attack on the golf course, I guess around 1962.

MR. HORSLEY: Yes, Jennings had accomplished some remarkable breakthroughs during his career at Paramount, and he had a strong and well-established organization of effects experts under him, most of them working at Paramount for over twenty years.

PHOTON: Departing a moment from the horror and science fiction films, Cecil B. DeMille's 1956 production of *THE TEN COMMANDMENTS*



One of the many transformations Fulton masterminded for the Universal monsters. Here, John Carradine as Dracula returns from the dead in *HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN* (1944).

was certainly a testimony to the genius of John Fulton and his effects team: staffs transformed into snakes, the Burning Bush, the eerie representation of the Angel of Death, a pillar of fire, the writing of the Commandments and, of course, the ultimate illusion, the sinking of the Red Sea.

MR. HORSLEY: The key people there were Irvin Roberts, who did most of the optical combining, Paul Lerpae, who also did optical work, and Farciot Edouart and Wally Kelley in the process photography department. The devices were very complicated. This was Paramount's first film made in VistaVision, which turned out to be a great stumbling block with regard to matte work, and they just barely got cameras ready to start shooting in Egypt. So it was a complete upheaval, coming up with this new equipment and doing the job that had to be done with it, with its high definition and registration requirements. This was all done under great pressure, and they were still in the process of building cameras even after the picture was released.

In some of the scenes, particularly the Red Sea, there would be as much as eleven different pieces of film required to make up a composite. Each of these would have three strips of separation negatives, V, C, and M fine grain. That is, yellow, cyan and magenta matrices. The composite printing could require three days on a shot—and that was three long days, not eight-hour ones, in printing a scene. It would then go to Technicolor. Several days later, the rush print would come out, and then corrections would be photographed (there might be a dozen corrections required) and then there would be the long tedious process of printing that scene again, more corrections, and more printing. Actually, DeWitt OK'd things that shouldn't have gotten into the final result... but the pressure was really building in August and early September of 1955 because they had theatres under lease to open the film in November.

PHOTON: What intrigued me were some of the designs that Mr. Fulton constructed for the blue-screen matte shots that would usually be accomplished through the use of process photography. But the highlight of the production was the entire Red Sea sequence.

MR. HORSLEY: The water portions of that were shot over a cascade in a very large tank with a camera on its side, one for the left side and one for the right. The water cascaded over riffles—quite a large volume of water as a matter of fact. There were paintings combined with water and the action, together with traveling mattes. The sky was separately photographed.

PHOTON: At this point, I'd like to back track a little and briefly review some of your own contributions to fantasy films. You ran Universal's Special Photographic Effects Department from 1945 up until the mid-fifties.

BELOW LEFT: A portrait of effects expert David S. Horsley (1943). **MIDON RIGHT:** The huge cascade of water built on the Paramount lot for use during the Red Sea sequence of *THE TEN COMMANDMENTS* (1956). **BAR RIGHT:** Fulton receiving a much-deserved Oscar for his work in *THE TEN COMMANDMENTS*.



MR. HORSLEY: Yes, John more or less relinquished his job to me after World War II, where my contract was signed on a seven-year basis, and later extended two more years. Clifford Stine, who worked with me on many fine productions in the early fifties, later took over the job, around '54 or '55.

PHOTON: One of your own fantasy jobs was *IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE*, which helped kick off the Creature cycle and other fine Jack Arnold films.

MR. HORSLEY: Boy, that one really rings a bell. I was totally on my own. After the success of *IMAJA DEVIL*, the studios were pretty excited about the possibility of 3-D. Universal felt that the next venture would have to be *IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE*, and it was quite an intriguing experiment for me, as it was the first 3-D film that involved any extensive effects. The opening scene of the rock landing was shot at extremely high speed, around 150-160 frames per second. The model would start up in the high corner of the stage, with magnesium burning in its tail, and we'd let it crash through a mirror and land in a sandbox, with the camera photographing the action through another mirror. It was quite an effect.

PHOTON: I believe you did the "straight" photography for *JACK THE GIANT KILLER* ten years later. Having been involved in a film that dealt with model animation, do you have any comment to make on that aspect of visual effects?

MR. HORSLEY: I'm a fine admirer of Mr. Harryhausen's work and have the highest regard for his craft. I remember when the first puppet work was done for *THE LOST WORLD* at the old United Studio on Melrose Avenue in Hollywood, and three puppets were animated against specially built miniature sets. Fred Jackson, who, as you remember, played a key role in the evolution of the traveling matte system, had charge of the production and supervised it; it cost a lot of money at the time and was quite successful. Willis O'Brien was a key man on the crew, an example of one who came up from the craft end of the business—an outstanding member among this group. By the 1930's process projection had been developed and had been in general use at the studios, and about this time it was realized that this could be operated as a stop-motion device, with screens of modest size and supports in front of them. It was by this technique that O'Brien made *KING KONG*, and succeeded in setting it up at RKO. Harryhausen has done a great deal of work in that fashion, although it is probably simpler and more economical to operate against a blue screen and



combine the backgrounds. However, when it is necessary to time foreground action closely to background action, stop-motion back-projection is the most readily available means, although you're looking at the original negative in direct comparison with a dupe—and a dupe made a great disadvantage—because it's virtually impossible to get the best quality by duping through a transparent screen.

PHOTO: There is somewhat of an analogy between Willis O'Brien and John P. Fulton in that they both made their most famous and finest fantasy films about the same time (KING AND INVISIBLE MAN, respectively) but didn't win an Academy Award until fifteen-odd years later. KING was particularly overlooked by the higher-ups in 1933.

MR. HORSLEY: I remember that his [O'Brien's] work deserved great credit; surprisingly, however, it was not considered quite as highly within the industry as it was outside, for O'Brien had a way of going way over budget.

PHOTO: I guess that would account for all those promising O'Brien productions that never materialized, like THE FOOD OF THE GODS and THE VALLEY OF THE MIST. How did Fulton's mode of doing things compare with O'Brien's?

MR. HORSLEY: Fulton was a great economist. Generally, everything he did came in on schedule and on budget.

PHOTO: You know, the old cliché seems to be true with regard to fantasy films: "They just don't make 'em like they used to." Present films of the genre sadly lack the wonderful atmospheric quality of the older ones, and it is somewhat depressing that the climate created by artists like John Fulton will probably never see the light of day again.

MR. HORSLEY: This is true, and there are really many sound reasons why. The way it used to be was that if you worked for a studio, you were expected to remain there for a long period of time. The studio put a department together, such as an effects unit, and they were not allowed to work "outside of their jurisdiction." The jurisdictional structure soon became so rigid that it restricted the skills and talents of those who excelled in a particular area. Fellows like Bob Lazlo, for instance, who was a great wire man, was eventually not allowed to handle wires at all, since he was the "studio property man"—that sort of thing. As one cameraman said a while back: "The major motion picture companies became all wrapped up in concerns." Which was the truth. And so the effects organizations that excelled back in the twenties and thirties simply went out of existence with the evolution of jurisdictional labor contracts that mostly came into effect after World War II. I doubt if an organization like this could ever be put back together again; and, of course, today's production costs with particular regard to effects are extremely high. John Fulton was the key figure and a leader in assembling this kind of creative group structure. He's the guy who set patterns for other studios such as the Jennings organization over at Paramount which John eventually took over.

PHOTO: Times do change. I guess it can be looked upon as part of Hollywood's bygone era.

MR. HORSLEY: My sentiments are with you. You know, your whole life was devoted to it, especially when it came to cameramen and effects technicians. Before the Second World War, it was six days a week. You tried to get your job done, and your personal life was something you mottled or less temporarily put aside until you had a little time for it, which wasn't too often [laughs]. And conditions for a good part of the time were very difficult.

For example, at Universal the process stage was John Fulton's domain. It was one hundred foot wide and two hundred feet long, and it was built as a tank. The doors could be bermaided and it could be flooded with four feet of water; the wiring was all overhead. We'd be using that titanium tetrachloride type of smoke which is now outlawed because it's toxic. It was used for producing fog and various atmospheric effects in the Frankentrents, the Droules, the Karloff serials, and we'd be working in it for days on end. And now no one's allowed to use it... how 'bout that [laughs]! We'd sometimes have a call at midnight to finish a picture. But that was our life. It took tough competitors—guys that really had what it took to stay with it—and John P. Fulton was among the most outstanding. He could work all night in the studio, play golf all day, and work again the next night. He was one of the best.



Producer-director Cecil B. DeMille (left) stands with Ted Bryner, costumed for his portrayal of the Pharaoh Ramses II, and John P. Fulton against the blue-screen setup at Paramount Studios during the filming of THE TEN COMMANDMENTS.

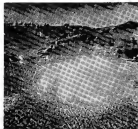
When the science fiction cycle peaked out in the late fifties, John P. Fulton and his effects team found relatively little work in comparison to the large volume previously done at Universal. Although Paramount ventured only rarely into the fantasy film field, Alfred Hitchcock provided some challenges for Fulton with REAR WINDOW and VERTIGO. Fulton also participated in several minor science fiction features such as VISIT TO A SMALL PLANET, COLOSSUS OF NEW YORK, I MARRIED A MONSTER FROM OUTER SPACE, and Jack Arnold's THE SPACE CHILDREN.

In 1965, Fulton became ill and was given an overdose of antibiotics in a Spanish hospital. A leukemic condition developed and, after he had convalesced, the doctors warned him not to return to work. Fulton ignored the warning.

"The Doctor," as he was nicknamed because of his technical wizardry with films, strived for excellence in his work. And, more often than not, John Fulton succeeded.

Special thanks belong to Mr. David S. Horsley and Mrs. Susan McGee, without whose help this feature could not possibly have been completed.

From THE TEN COMMANDMENTS. LEFT: The Pillar of Fire. Fulton hired an animator to do the effect on celebs; it was the only effect that they were not happy with, but time and budget restrictions dictated how it was to be executed. MIDDLE: A studio technician indicates the appropriate position on the Paramount lot to be used in conjunction with effects footage for the parading of the Red Sea. RIGHT: The re-closing of the Red Sea as it appears in the completed film.



PHOTON CHATS WITH THE MONSTER FIGHTERS

SPECIAL INTERVIEWS WITH JOHN AGAR, RICHARD CARLSON,
AND JEFF MORROW. CONDUCTED BY NARK AND SUSAN MCGEE

JOHN AGAR

John Agar was born in Chicago, Illinois on January 31, 1928, the eldest of four children. After the death of his father in 1935, the family moved to California. Following three years in the Air Force in World War II, he made front-page headlines by marrying Shirley Temple. It was a relatively short-lived union (he has been married to Loretta Bennett since the mid-1960s), but it was through the former child actress that he met David O. Selznick at a party. Selznick convinced him to do a screen-test and, much to his surprise, John Agar was signed to a contract as an actor. His first pictures included: *FORT APACHE* (1948) with Henry Fonda, John Wayne, and Shirley Temple; *ADVENTURE IN BALTIMORE* (1948) with Robert Young and Shirley Temple; *WOMAN ON PIER 13* (1949) with Robert Ryan, John Ford's *SHE WORE A YELLOW RIBBON* (1949) and *SANDS OF IWO JIMA* (1960), both with John Wayne. Perhaps his best-known science fiction pictures, *TARANTULA* and *REVENGE OF THE CREATURE*, were directed by Jack Arnold at Universal-International in 1955. They were followed by a lesser-known selection of B films in later years.

To those who know him, John Agar seems an unlikely member of the acting profession. He is quiet and unassuming; a man of few words who found himself in movies not because he especially wanted to, (he once feigned sickness to avoid acting in a school play), but because of an extraordinary set of circumstances which directed his life and career.

This interview is representative of John Agar today—his brevity, easygoing directness and straightforward sense of humor.

PHOTON: Throughout your career, you've played both heroes and heavies. I think the most despicable character you ever played was your role in *BRAIN FROM PLANET ARDUS*.

MR. AGAR: I got that characterization when they told me I wasn't going to get paid.

PHOTON: The style of directing in that picture reminded me of Nathan Juran, and yet the credits of the film listed "Nathan Herz" as the director.

MR. AGAR: Sure. That was Jerry Juran. He was real excited about that picture. Thought it was going to make a lot of money. They said anyone who wanted to avoid work for a percentage of the profits. I looked at them, and then at that balloon they were using for the monster, and I told them I'd work for salary and waived their lack.

PHOTON: You worked with Jack Arnold on two pictures?

MR. AGAR: *TARANTULA* and *RETURN OF THE CREATURE* (Ed note: *REVENGE OF THE CREATURE*). He was a very nice man. But you know, I never got a big charge out of doing science fiction pictures, although they are more difficult to do than straight roles.

PHOTON: Perhaps one of the reasons you don't enjoy them is because the monster and the special effects are often the real stars.

MR. AGAR: Definitely. The men that worked on *TARANTULA* were real stars.

PHOTON: On one side of the scale you worked with self-styled talents like John Ford, and then on the other side, pedestrian directors like Edward L. Cahn.

MR. AGAR: Eddie Cahn was the kind of a fella, especially on a small show, that wanted to show them how fast he could go. So he'd start a scene and then stop in front of the camera and yell, "out," and then point to the next place where the next set-up was going. He was a nice guy but he got carded away.

PHOTON: What about Bert Gordon, who did *ATTACK OF THE PUPPET PEOPLE*?

MR. AGAR: Oh, golly! Bert got real mad at me.

PHOTON: About what?

MR. AGAR: I really don't remember now... something to do with a picture. The same thing happened to me when I was working on *THE MOLE PEOPLE*. There were some lines of dialog that I said Bill Alland I just couldn't say because they didn't make any sense. He said, "I pay a man a thousand





TOP: John Agar wearing special contact lenses for his role as the hero/villain of *BRAIN FROM PLANET AROU*. ABOVE: Agar stared down at Gloria Talbott in *DAUGHTER OF DR. Jekyll*.

dollars a week to write that?" I said, "You got cheated!" I got tripped into that picture. Bill had paid me the commitment of saying I could make the unbelievable believable.

PHOTON: He also may have associated you with the success of the two earlier pictures.

MR. AGAR: That may be. But I really had nothing to do with making those pictures successful. I was just in them.

PHOTON: *THE MOLE PEOPLE* was Virgil Vogel's first picture, wasn't it?

MR. AGAR: Yes. He was a film editor before that.

PHOTON: Do you remember a picture called *HAND OF DEATH*?

MR. AGAR: Go! That was a hot stand!

PHOTON: Was that you under it? I thought it was a stuntman!

MR. AGAR: No. That was me. The worst scene I had to do was falling backwards into the ocean at the end. The tide came rushing into the mask.

PHOTON: I vaguely suspected the film was supposed to be a comedy.

MR. AGAR: I don't think so. It was just bad. When I think back on some of the things I had to do, I feel embarrassed. Some of those pictures were so hokey.

I remember one film I did that was another "award-winner" called *THE MAGIC CARPET*. I acedly got killed on that one.

PHOTON: How? By flying around on the carpet?

MR. AGAR: You'd better believe it. They had constructed this carpet with a motor on it, powerful enough to lift it into the air with a dummy riding it. But the trouble was, it looked like a dummy. So the director said, "Put the other dummy on it." That was me. But the motor wasn't strong enough to lift a man into the air. So, at a certain point in the suspension, I had to help push the carpet forward. Well, you could see the wire to see look the scene several times until I finally said, "This is going to be a take" and really pushed hard. I went myself off balance, the carpet went falling and I had to grab hold of the piano wire to save myself from falling thirty feet. I cut my hands up real good.

PHOTON: You did a few films for Larry Buchanan?

MR. AGAR: You know, he wouldn't even shoot a master shot. He said as long as the picture had rhythm it would be okay. I haven't seen any of those films but I can well imagine what they look like.

PHOTON: They ran *BRAIN FROM PLANET AROU* on local Los Angeles television. Once they had a facsimile of the original brain came out and thank the host for running the film because he'd been out of work ever since the picture and needed the money.

MR. AGAR: They should have had me come out!

RICHARD CARLSON

Richard Carlson admits that he is probably best remembered as "the guy who didn't get the girl." He usually didn't—except in his science fiction and fantasy films, where he often had to battle something a bit more ominous than a mere romantic rival.

Born in Minnesota, Mr. Carlson attended the University of Minnesota where he graduated with a Master of Arts degree. His career has been a rich and varied one, beginning in a theatre in Minneapolis where, within a six-month period, he produced, directed, wrote and acted in three plays. Following additional stage work, he moved to Southern California. There, he directed *RICHARD III* at the Pasadena Community Playhouse. His motion picture debut was in *YOUNG AT HEART*, and since then, his credits have encompassed all types of films including: *DANCING CO-ED*, *BACK STREET*, *THE LITTLE FOXES*, *TRY AND GET ME*, *VALENTINO*, *KING SOLOMON'S MINES*, *WHISPERING SMITH VS. SCOTLAND YARD*, *SEMINOLE*, and *LOST COMMAND*.

His first film of a fantasy nature was *THE GHOST BREAKERS*, a Bob Hope comedy of 1941. 1953 ushered in his science fiction films with *THE MAGNETIC MONSTER*, as well as his television series, *I LEO THREE LIVES* (where he portrayed Herbert Plutnick, the American double agent in the Communist Party). He had the distinction of starring in three movies which utilized the then-promising 3-D process: *IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE* and *THE MAZE* in 1953, and *CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON* in 1954. He also directed and acted in *RIDERS TO THE STARS* in 1954. His most recent fantasy credits are *THE POWER* in 1967 and *VALLEY OF GWANGI* in 1968.

Mr. Carlson, who now writes for television, still resides in Southern California. He makes no public appearances and rarely allows interviews, so we are indeed fortunate to have had this brief conversation with a man who was not only involved with the science fiction boom of the early fifties, but who is knowledgeable about all facets of film.

PHOTON: I'd like to begin with your films of the Fifties, since I am particularly interested in that period of your career. You were in quite a few 3-D films.

MR. CARLSON: And science fiction in general. Ivan Tors and I had formed a company and we produced three successful science fiction films. The first one was *THE MAGNETIC MONSTER*, the second was *RIDERS TO THE STARS* (which I directed and acted in), and the last one was *GOG*, which I had nothing to do with. So, I was making a television series, *I LEO THREE LIVES*, and acting over at Universal simultaneously. I think the first science fiction I did at Universal was *IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE*. Until we were on the set, we didn't know it was 3-D. Jack Arnold was directing it—it was his first picture—and he said, "You know the secret about this 3-D is that we're trying to beat Warner's with *HOUSE OF WAX*." And we didn't. We were the second 3-D, but it was a tremendous success for Universal. So naturally, when they started another picture, *THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON*, they wanted me, just because I was in something that was a hit. You make *PLANET OF THE APES* and you want the same cast next time. It doesn't mean you're a "big shot."

PHOTON: You seem to know much about Jack Arnold. Do you know if he was assigned to pictures, or did he get the chance to select his material?

MR. CARLSON: At that time he couldn't select. Jack had a wonderful men, very bright. Universal had seen something that Jack had done for Sam Levine and hired him to do the "outer space" picture. It was an experiment; they didn't think it would go big, or they wouldn't have put me in it, you know. Anyway, Jack did a fine job. He always had his eye on performance.

PHOTON: After *IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE*, you were in another film, *THE MAZE*. I recall that it had some interesting set designs.

MR. CARLSON: That was Bill Menzies. He's one of the great set designers of all time. *THIEF OF BAGHDAD*, *ROBIN HOOD*. He was Doug Fairbank's set designer and, in these days, the set designer would draw the actual angles that the cameramen was to shoot within the set. It still happens, sometimes. It was done for *THE POWER*.

PHOTON: I'm surprised that a small-budgeted studio like Allied Artists invested the extra money and time for creative sets for *THE MAZE*.

MR. CARLSON: I think we made that picture in ten days. Bill designed it; it was kind of godlike. He wasn't an ideal director, but he knew the camera. I've never seen *THE MAZE*, but there's a little cut that's grown up around it.

PHOTON: The climax is very good.

MR. CARLSON: I don't remember it. I still get letters that mention that picture. It must have had something.

PHOTON: You said *THE MAZE* was filmed in ten days. Does that mean that the shooting schedule for a 3-D film was not any longer than for a regular picture?

MR. CARLSON: It was longer on the first two I did. We *THE MAZE* 3-D?

PHOTON: Yes.

MR. CARLSON: I think by that time a guy named Hensley over at Universal had worked out a comparable lens system, and I don't believe there were any delays. I believe my contract was for two weeks, but it didn't take longer than ten days.

PHOTON: You've been in a lot of pictures!

MR. CARLSON: Always the guy who didn't get the girl.

PHOTON: Except in horror pictures, and then you had to fight the

murder for her.

MR. CARLSON: Yeah... me and Ralph Bellamy.

PHOTON: I remember you in KING SOLOMON'S MINES, but I don't recall if you got the girl or not.

MR. CARLSON: I was the girl's brother in that one, and that's even more.

PHOTON: You usually play a likable fellow, either the hero or the second lead.

MR. CARLSON: But they started a thing with guys that were known as "likeable boy next-door" types; they thought it was a hell of an idea to make them heavier. And the first heavy I did was with Bob Hope and Paulette Goddard in THE GHOST BREAKERS. Who the hell directed GHOST BREAKERS?

PHOTON: George Marshall.

MR. CARLSON: A marvelous man. Did I learn from him about building a gag?

PHOTON: Do you enjoy playing heavies?

MR. CARLSON: I enjoy acting. I don't care if it's a heavy or what as long as it's not the straight leading man. I'm not out for it.

PHOTON: One of your most recent films was VALLEY OF GWANGI. What did you think of it?

MR. CARLSON: We made it in Spain. I saw it in a run over at Warner's and I liked it much better than I thought I would. They released it with an X-rated Tony Curtis picture and just threw it away.

PHOTON: Do you feel that most science fiction films are aimed at kids? If they are, do you think there would be a larger audience if the films were more sophisticated?

MR. CARLSON: There is a tremendous audience for science fiction, as we all know. Ask Ray Bradbury. But, if they're aimed above the "kid" level, they must have a philosophic content. GWANGI had a philosophic content. I told Charley Schner over lunch one day and he was amazed. Let me see if I can remember it: the Freudian figure of darkness was the monster, and you had the radiation in the church. It's only when they got to the church that they could kill the figure of darkness.

PHOTON: Speaking of the monster, what did you think of GWANGI's special effects?

MR. CARLSON: I thought they were very good. What's his name?

PHOTON: Ray Harryhausen.

MR. CARLSON: He's a remarkable man. I didn't think they were altogether satisfactory, but do you remember the elephant in that picture? The real one was up at the border between France and Spain, and they couldn't get him through on time. We had to finish in the bull ring because the bullfight was going to start. I was astonished when Harryhausen said to the director, "Go ahead and shoot it, I'll put the elephant in later." I didn't know how that was possible, but it was. There was an elephant in the picture—and not the mummy little fellow that finally appeared on the set.

PHOTON: I thought that using a model elephant throughout was actually preferable to cutting from a real elephant to a puppet. No matter how skilled the animator, is you can usually tell the difference.

MR. CARLSON: I thought the little horse came off rather well.

PHOTON: What about THE POWER?

MR. CARLSON: I thought that was going to be a hit, but it just died.

PHOTON: I found the book very suspenseful, and thought the film took little advantage of it.

MR. CARLSON: George Pal is a good producer, but it comes out a little flat sometimes. What director Byron Haskin actually did, I have no idea.

PHOTON: Most moviegoers are familiar with your acting, but not your directing. Have you directed a film which you felt materialized as you conceived it?

MR. CARLSON: That's such a relative question. I shot RIDERS TO THE STARS was pretty good, considering we made it for \$208,000. It did pretty well. I think some of the westerns I made at Universal, where I had

REMARK: Carlson and Barbara Rush avoid word of the crashed space ship in IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE. BOTTOM RIGHT: Carlson's hair turns white overnight because of the horrors he witnesses in THE MATE.



some influence with the producer and writer were pretty good—although I don't have control.

PHOTON: As a director, how do you feel about permissiveness in films today?

MR. CARLSON: Why do you ask "as a director?" I don't buy this theory that it's a director's medium. It isn't. It never has been. If the director is a writer-director, yes, if the director is a director-producer, yes. But if a director is hired after the package has been put together—with a script, star, and producer—he certainly doesn't have much control over a picture. But, the question was, how do I feel about permissiveness. I'm completely for it. I think that censorship is completely wrong. I think the public should be allowed to find its own level. And if they want to go see naked people and sex embraces, that's fine with me, if they want to. After all, it is a commercial medium. The picture has got to pay its way. So if the public wants one thing, give it to them. That's what Shakespeare did, didn't he?

JEFF MORROW

There are times when one actor's performance goes a long way toward making a film memorable; when his presence lends an exceptional style, dignity, and quality that would have been lacking without his unique characterization. For a myriad of reasons—the power of theme over character, the special effects, the technical gimmicks—few actors have achieved this distinction in a science fiction film. Even after much thought, only several come to mind. Red Taylor as H. G. Wells in THE TIME MACHINE, Leo G. Carroll as Dr. Deemer in TARANTULA, and Jeff Morrow as Exter in THIS ISLAND EARTH.

Jeff Morrow did not appear in many science fiction films, but he made Exter of Mastodon more than just a "character" role; he made him a hero-for-children, for fans, for everyone. Personally, Jeff Morrow is amiable, enthusiastic, and practical in his approach to his career. He was born in New York City on January 13th, and received his formal education from Pratt Institute as a commercial illustrator (an occupation he still pursues during spare assignments). As an actor, he has played Broadway and done extensive radio and television work. In the Fifties, he was under contract to Universal-International. Some of his non-science fiction films have included SIGN OF THE PAGAN (1953), THE ROBE (1954) and CAPTAIN LIGHTFOOT (1956). His science fiction films may be summed up quickly, with THIS ISLAND EARTH (1955) heading the list. Following that in somewhat lesser degrees of quality are CREATURE WALKS AMONG US (1956), KRONOS (1957), THE GIANT CLAW (1957) and, most recently, the unlicensed OCTAMOR and LEGACY OF BLOOD.

No matter what the role, Jeff Morrow enjoys acting—and talking with him was an added pleasure to the entertainment we've already received from his film appearances.

PHOTON: Of the science fiction films you made, which one is your favorite?

MR. MORROW: THIS ISLAND EARTH.

PHOTON: Would you have preferred the Rex Reason part?

MR. MORROW: No. I think the Exter character is much more interesting. And that was the part that they wanted me for.

PHOTON: They had you in mind for it from the beginning?

MR. MORROW: Yes. In fact they had sent me the script and I read it and liked the basic story, but I felt that the Exter character was two-dimensional. So Bill Alland and the writer wanted to discuss it with me. I told them then what I thought; as it turned out, the writer felt the same way. He had been told to write the script a certain way, but since we agreed down the line, the changes were made.

PHOTON: So you, as the actor, added more to the character of Exter?

MR. MORROW: Yes. The way it was originally written, he was a "tear." When we were through, I think he was more the hero. Even some of the early photographs taken of me tried to make me look like a maniac.

PHOTON: Did the make-up take a long time to apply?

MR. MORROW: Yes, quite a long time. I got to the studio about six o'clock, I think. An interesting story about that: nobody really knew why,





ABOVE: Jeff Morrow points out the wonders of his war-torn planet, Wadluna, to Paul Bonaguidi and Fred Sears in *THIS ISLAND EARTH*. RIGHT: Morrow and Marc Conrady appear from *THE GIANT CLAW*. In real life Jeff covered from the special effects.

but the producer wanted the hair on the Metakuna people to be pure white, but for fighting purposes, the make-up man thought it should be a little darker. The producer disagreed. Well, when the dailies came back on my first scene, the hair was ghost white. So they tried painting the scenes darker, but then my face looked like chocolate-brown. That's why I look different in those first scenes of me on the interactor. Gradually they darkened my hair with some grey, not for cosmetic reasons, but simply so it would photograph.

PHOTON: The ads say it was "two and one-half years in the making."

MR. MORROW: Well, they stretched that... a bit. We shot for twenty-four days the acting and I think it took them about six months to do the special effects.

PHOTON: The next film you did in the science fiction line was *CREATURE WALKS AMONG US*.

MR. MORROW: That's right.

PHOTON: Did you have any objections about doing another horror picture, possibly with the fear of being type-cast?

MR. MORROW: No, I don't think so. I had no under contract at the time and many of the contract players were being dropped. And I was really only a two-year contract. I believe they kept Rock Hudson, Tony Curtis, Jeff Chandler and (I think) George Nader for one more year—but they were six year contract players. So I was happy to be working.

PHOTON: How did you feel about the picture otherwise?

MR. MORROW: I had a fairly good part in it as the confused scientist. Coming as part of the series I thought it was all right. It's not one of my favorites, although it did good box office. I remember on the last day of shooting, the Creature was supposed to pick me up over his head and throw me. Don Megowan was playing the Creature and he's a big husky guy, but he's not that strong, you know—to be able to pick me up over his head—so they had me on wires with four men at the controls.

PHOTON: You mentioned the destruction scenes were shot in the last day of shooting. Was the picture shot in sequence?

MR. MORROW: No, it just happened to you know that way on that particular sequence. And that reminds me... you know there's a scene in the picture where the Creature tips us over in a boat. Well, those studio tanks are usually warm when you get there at seven o'clock, but by ten in the evening when you're ready to shoot, it can get pretty cold. I don't drink that often, but there's usually someone there with some brandy and, let me tell you, it really warms you up. I think even Don Megowan needed some, and he's a big guy.

PHOTON: I know *THIS ISLAND EARTH* had a fairly respectable shooting schedule. Did you get any rehearsal time or time to digest things with the director on some of your other pictures?

MR. MORROW: Not at all, no.

PHOTON: Then if a good performance is given in a short-schedule picture, it's usually due to the actor?

MR. MORROW: I would say so. There just isn't time. Once I did a television series and we shot a thirty-minute show in three days.

PHOTON: So, on a film like *THE GIANT CLAW*...

MR. MORROW: I think I can speak freely about that film. Both Sam Katzman, the producer, and the director, Fred Sears, are dead. In many cases the director of a film is over-rated. If a scene is played well, it's because of the actor. Or, if it's a good piece of business the writer usually had it spelled out in the script.

PHOTON: Certainly there are cases where a director's stamp is on a film.

MR. MORROW: Oh, sure, in the case of a Kazan or a Hitchcock—on the big pictures. But both the writer and the actor have been under-rated.

PHOTON: What are your feelings about the picture, *THE GIANT CLAW*?

MR. MORROW: Well, I saw it for the first time at a premiere and when that beam came on the entire theatre began laughing. It was so atrocious. The producer wanted to save a thousand dollars, so he had the effects done in



Mexico.

PHOTON: You had never seen what the monster looked like during the course of shooting?

MR. MORROW: No. And we were all playing it so straight. And that thing looked like a plucked turkey. I sort of envisioned it as looking like a hawk and just scoring past the camera. So to save a little money, they ruined what was a fairly interesting picture.

PHOTON: Did you work well with Fred Sears?

MR. MORROW: Oh, no trouble really. He was a nice man. There was one funny thing that I remember: They were writing some new pages for the script and when I read them I realized that they didn't make any sense in relation to what we had already done. And when I told Fred he looked at me and said, "Why did you have to tell me that now?"

PHOTON: Have you had that trouble before? Scenes or lines not making sense?

MR. MORROW: Not so often. But once in a while I'll come up with a new way to play a scene, and I'll tell the director or producer about it. They'll agree that I'm right, but they don't want to take a chance, so they'll say, "Just play it down the middle, Jeff." I've heard that so many times. "Play it down the middle."

PHOTON: What about *KRONOS*?

MR. MORROW: An interesting picture, I thought... taking matter and turning it into energy and back again. Of course it was carried to an illogical extreme, but still...

PHOTON: You seem to have a favorable attitude toward most of your horror pictures. Do you like doing them?

MR. MORROW: I like to work. But I don't really like horror films, especially Science fiction, maybe. But something with a monster... unless we're talking about the original *FRANKENSTEIN* or *DR. Jekyll and MR. Hyde*... but those monsters had pathsos.

PHOTON: How do you feel about violence in horror films?

MR. MORROW: I just did a picture called *LEGACY OF BLOOD*. It's not a very good picture but we had a lot of good people working on it—Murry Anders, Faith Domergue, John Comaroff—and so the scenes have a better look to them than they would have. We shot it in an old mansion in Pasadena so it looks pretty good, the sets and all. But they had these very bloody sequences that I thought should have only been shown for maybe two or three seconds, but they were shown for twenty, maybe thirty seconds. And they weren't horrifying, they were disgusting.

PHOTON: Lastly, what about *OCTAMAN*?

MR. MORROW: I haven't seen it, I did it as a favor for Harry Essex. My cine is very short.

JOHN AGAR - FANTASY AND SCIENCE FICTION FILMS

MAGIC CARPET 1951
86 minutes, Released in October, Directed by Lew Landers, Produced by Sam Katzman, Screenplay by David Matthews.

Cast: Lucille Ball, John Agar, Francis Medina, George Tobias, Raymond Burr, William Frawley.

THE ROCKET MAN 1954
79 minutes, Released in April, Directed by Otis Hobson, Screenplay by Larry Bruce and Jack Henley.

Cast: John Agar, Charles Coburn, George Westlake, Spring Byington.

REVENGE OF THE CREATURE 1955
82 minutes, Released in May, Directed by Jack Arnold, Produced by William Alland, Screenplay by Martin Berkeley, Photographed by Charles S. Moulton, Designed by Alexander Galitzin and Alfred Greenway.

Cast: John Agar, Lon Nelson, John Brumfield, Robert S. Williams, Nestor Pava, Clint Eastwood, Floss Greenway.

TARANTULA 1955
80 minutes, Released in October, Directed by Jack Arnold, Produced by William Alland, Screenplay by Martin Berkeley and Robert M. Frazee, Photographed by Clifford Smith, Designed by Alexander Galitzin and Alfred Greenway.

Cast: John Agar, Marc Conrady, Len O. Carroll, Nestor Pava, Ross Elliott, Steve Denoff, Hank Patterson, Raymond Bailey, Ned Holled, Ed Reed, Clint Eastwood.

THE MOLE PEOPLE 1956
78 minutes, Released in December, Directed by Virgil Vogel, Produced by William Alland, Screenplay by Lucio Gough, Assistant Directors: Roush Russell and Bruce Settleline.

Cast: John Agar, Hugh Brannum, Cynthia Hawk, Alan Napier, Robb Richardson, Nestor Pava, Phil Chumley.

BRAIN FROM PLANET AROUS

HORROR

70 minutes, Directed by Nathan Juran (Harris), Produced by Jacques Marguerite, Music by Walter Dierckx

Cast: John Agar, Joyce Meadows, Robert Fuller, Thomas B. Henry, Kenneth Tormé

DAUGHTER OF DR. Jekyll

UA

71 minutes, Released in July, Directed by Edward G. Ulmer, Produced and Written by Jack Pollexton, Special Effects by Jack Rubin and Irving Block, Music by Elmer Bernstein

Cast: John Agar, Gloria Talbot, Arthur Shields, John Dinkels, Martha Wentworth, Nola Millet

ATTACK OF THE PUPPET PEOPLE

AIP

78 minutes, Released in June, Directed and Produced by Bert I. Gordon, Screenplay by George Morahan, Story by Bert I. Gordon, Music by Albert Glasser, Song by Albert Glasser, Don Fennig, and Henry Schrago, Special Effects by Bert I. Gordon

Cast: John Agar, Jane Kelly, John Hoyt, Michael Mark, Jack Kosslyn, Marlene Miller, Kim Miller, Lucie Mitchell, Susan Gordon

INVISIBLE INVADERS

UA

67 minutes, Released in June, Directed by Edward L. Cahn, Produced by Robert E. Kerr, Screenplay by Samuel Newman

Cast: John Agar, Jean Byron, Philip Tonge, John Carmine, Robert Hudson

HAND OF DEATH

20TH CENTURY FOX

66 minutes, Directed by Gene Nelson, Produced and Written by Eugene Lee, Music by Carl Beck, Cinematography

Cast: John Agar, Paula Raymond, Steve Dune, Ray Gordon, Joe Besser

JOURNEY TO THE 7TH PLANET

AIP

66 minutes, Directed and Produced by Sidney Pink, Screenplay by Itt Melikian and Sid Pink, Color

Cast: John Agar, Greta Thyne, Anne Seymour, Carl Olson, Miss Hornech

WOMEN OF THE PREHISTORIC PLANET

REALART

61 minutes, Released in November, Directed and Written by Arthur C. Peacock, Produced by George Edwards, Color

Cast: Wendell Corey, John Agar, Karl Lansen, Paul Gilbert, Merry Anders, Brian Tos

[ZOMBIER, THE THING FROM VENUS (re-make of IT CONQUERED THE WORLD) and CURSE OF THE SWAMP CREATURE (new movies made by Larry Buchanan for television)]

RICHARD CARLSON - SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY FILMS

THE GHOST BREAKERS

PARAMOUNT

1041 65 minutes, Directed by George Marshall, Screenplay by Walter De Leon, Photographed by Charles Lang

Cast: Rob Hope, Lucette Goddard, Richard Carlson, Paul Lukas, Why Best, Noble Johnson

THE MAGNETIC MONSTER

UA

70 minutes, Released in February, Directed by Curt Siodmak, Produced by Ivan Tors, Screenplay by Ivan Tors and Curt Siodmak, Photographed by Charles Van Engen, Directed by George Van Matris

Cast: Richard Carlson, King Donovan, Jon Byron, James Lewis

IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE

LI 3 D

102 minutes, Released in June, Directed by Jack Arnold, Produced by William Alland, Screenplay by Harry Essex, Based on a treatment by Ray Bradbury, Photographed by Clifford Stine, Directed by Bernard Herrmann and Robert Boyin

Cast: Richard Carlson, Barbara Rush, Charles Drake, Russell Johnson, Joe Sawyer, Kathleen Hughes

THE NAZIS

AA 3 D

101 minutes, Released in July, Directed and Designed by William Cameron Menzies, Executive Producer: Walter Mirisch, Produced by Richard Heuserman, Screenplay by Dan Ullman, Based on a story by Maurice Sendak, Photographed by Henry Neumann

Cast: Richard Carlson, Virginia Hust, Katherine Emery, Michael Pitt, Hilary Brooke

CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON

LI 3 D

104 minutes, Released in March, Directed by Jack Arnold, Produced by William Alland, Screenplay by Harry Essex and Arthur Rado, Based on a story by Milton Zions, Photographed by James C. Heintz, Cinematography by James C. Heintz, Directed by Bernard Herrmann and Howard Swann

Cast: Richard Carlson, John Adams, Richard Derringer, Carlos Rivas, Whit Seely, Nancy Price, The Creature, Ben Chapman

HIDERS TO THE STARS

UA

61 minutes, Released in January, Directed by Richard Carlson, Produced by Ivan Tors, Screenplay by Curt Siodmak, Photographed by Stanley Cortez

Cast: William Lundgate, Richard Carlson, Herbert Marshall, Martha Hyer



THE POWER

MGM

1969

100 minutes, Released in February, Directed by Bryan Haskin, Produced by George M. Cohan, Screenplay by John Gray, Based on a novel by Frank M. Robinson, Photographed by William Friedkin, Special Effects by J. McMillan Johnson and Greta Warren, Designed by George W. Stone and Mervyn Pyn, Music by Mike Rouse

Cast: George Hamilton, Suzanne Pleshette, Michael Rennie, Neenah Pessoff, Richard Cohn

VALLEY OF GWANGI

WB SEVEN ARTS

1969

85 minutes, Released in June, Directed by James O'Connell, Produced by Charles H. Schneer, Associate Producer and Creator of Visual Effects: Ray Harryhausen, Screenplay by William E. Bax, Music by Jerome Moross

Cast: James Frawley, Gile Gold, Richard Carlson, Lassman Newman, Freda Jackson



The Land that Time Forgot

PAUL JENSEN VISITS THE SET OF THE LATEST AMICUS FILM WITH A STOP-OVER AT ENGLAND'S NEW TYBURN PRODUCTIONS

The British film industry is going through another of its crises, as limited American investment causes a decline in production. Early in June, 1974, this visitor found no films being shot at the beautiful old residence that had become Pinewood Studios (although two were out on location), and only one at the perennially threatened but still functioning Shepperton Studios. Yet with the industry as a whole in the doldrums, the fantasy genre held firm as a remarkably stable commodity. At Pinewood, a new production company had settled in and started on a full schedule of features, and at Shepperton the single film being made was *Amicus' THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT*.

While established film companies are disposing of their assets, Tyburn Film Productions has just formed; it's directing hand being 28-year-old Kevin Francis. With two features, *PERSECUTION* and *THE GHOUL*, now finished and a third to start later in the summer, Tyburn has already set an encouraging pace.

Kevin is the son of director Freddie Francis, and no doubt came in contact with horror films via his father's work. However, in a recent conversation, Kevin acknowledged that he doesn't really enjoy watching movies, although he can tolerate an occasional mystical or horror picture. Clearly, what he thrives on is the atmosphere of business, of making contacts and deals, or arranging things.

Kevin's brazen confidence, which he refers to as "flash," contrasts with the quieter, more "old world" style of his father. This distinction might originate from the fact that Kevin grew up in London's rough Kings Cross district, and then "went into the live-stock/meat trade where I did bloody well, until the film bug nabbed me and I checked the big money I was making to go into films. Everyone thought I was mad, especially Freddie [that helped!]." Kevin then worked his way up from runner to 3rd Assistant Director, to 2nd Assistant Director, to Unit Manager and then to Production Manager. At that point, he decided to produce on his own. He located the ever elusive financing, talked his way into an office at Pinewood, and the result was Tyburn Film Productions and its first effort, *PERSECUTION*.

In challenging *Amicus* and Hammer, Tyburn follows their format of making films on low budgets, but with most of the money visible. In the manner of recent *Amicus* films, the cast of *PERSECUTION* combines some relatively big names presently "between films" (Lana Turner and "Special Guest" Trevor Howard), at least one established horror star (Ralph Bates, "borrowed" from Hammer), and several talented newcomers.

PERSECUTION, following the lead of *PSYCHO* and *WHATEVER HAPPENED TO BABY JANE*, emphasizes psychology rather than monsters. The plot concerns David, the son of Lana Turner, whom she has persecuted since childhood because she blames him for an accident which left her crippled. One means by which she torments him is her cat, which the young boy fan-

ally drowns in its milk. Years later, David (Ralph Bates) is married and living in a separate apartment within his mother's house, where she continues to exact her revenge. Eventually Bates is driven to the point of insanity, and bloodshed inevitably results.

PERSECUTION was directed by Don Chaffey, a reliable craftsman with four fantasy films to his credit (*THE THREE LIVES OF THOMASINA*, *THE MILLION YEARS B.C.*, *JASON AND THE ARGONAUTS* and *CREATURES THE WORLD FORGOT*).

THE GHOUL, Tyburn's second feature, was directed by Freddie Francis and stars Peter Cushing, John Elder (Anthony Hinds—another "borrowing" from Hammer) wrote the script concerning two young couples who, stranded on the foggy, midnight moors, become involved with a mysterious doctor (Cushing), a mystic Indian religion, a desecrated gardener and bloody murders. This time, though, the story takes place in the 1920's, and while the attempt to ride the rather short coattails of *THE GREAT GATSBY* may not itself be rewarding, the different atmosphere could provide a welcome change from the familiar 1890's or contemporary settings.

At the start of June, Kevin Francis was preparing for *LEGEND OF THE WEREWOLF*, to start shooting in August. He held conferences with John Elder, again the author, while Freddie, again the director, made his contributions to the script and to casting. Roy Ashton, in Morocco doing the make-up for Peter Sellers' *PINK PANTHER* sequel, had already done preliminary research for *WEREWOLF* and expected to be back by August to work on his second Tyburn film.

Clearly, Kevin Francis & Tyburn are determined to succeed and seem to be going about it the right way. As Freddie Francis put it, Kevin's advantage "over many other more experienced producers is that he learned the business side of production—getting the money for the film. You can take a script to plenty of producers who will like it very much, but they won't know how to finance it." Peter Cushing summed up Kevin's other advantage by saying, "His enthusiasm...is an absolute tonic for us all." These days, enthusiasm is a difficult commodity to come by.

Meanwhile, at Shepperton Studios, *Amicus* Productions was finishing work on its most elaborate and expensive picture to date, *THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT*. The script, by James Gawnthorne and Michael Moorcock, is based on a 1924 Edgar Rice Burroughs novel. This is only the 2nd film for director Kevin Connor, his first being *TALES FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE* for *Amicus*.

Saunas from Amicus' most elaborate production to date, THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT. LEFT: The full-size head of the Plesiosaurus approaches an uneasy sailor. BELOW: Director Kevin Connor directs star Doug McClure. Note wire supporting the Plesiosaurus.





LEFT: Ralph Bates holds Shaba, the ape in a scene from Zyburn Productions' first feature, *THE EXECUTION*. MIDDLE: An idol associated with a local Indian religion used behind the scenes of Zyburn's *THE GHOST*. RIGHT: The discarded Plesiosaurus used in *THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT*.

THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT takes place during World War I and begins as a German U-boat torpedoed a British merchant ship. The first part of the film takes place on board the submarine, with the survivors of the attack eventually taking control. They then encounter an island which, according to Connor, "is really a kind of biological record of the earth's history." First, the explorers face prehistoric monsters, then primitive cave men and, the further North the group progresses, the more advanced the natives become. The film's finale involves the elaborate volcanic destruction of the island.

Model and special effects footage was shot during an 8-week period in February and March, followed by another 8 weeks of live action filming from April thru June. At the time of my visit, there were two weeks of shooting left, followed by only a small amount of optical work. The company had just returned from filming on location, at a cliff and beach near Maldehead, where the "Source of Life" was located and where part of the volcanic eruption occurred. Star Doug McClure had been injured during a fight scene, and whenever he bent over or sat down he held his side and winced, yet while the cameras were running, he managed not to show the pain.

When I arrived I was shown to the woods at the edge of the studio grounds where the natural scenery was elaborated slightly with large false ferns and some real ones in flowerpots laid on their sides, so that only the plant could be seen from the front. As is evidently typical of English weather, the sun appeared only for brief periods, and the cast had to keep in position while director of photography Alan Hume checked the sky and predicted when the next of what the BBC weather forecasters refer to as "sunny intervals" would arrive. The result was almost literally a count-down, with Hume's timing remarkably accurate. Thus, having run through the action once or twice, the actors had to remain poised to take their cue from the sun.

During the lunch break, I was introduced to Maurice Carter. He was the "Production Designer" (a function related to, but more influential than that of "Art Director") and the driving force behind the project.

Carter had entered the field in the 1930's, as an assistant on such films as Hitchcock's *THE LADY VANISHES* (1938). In the 40's he was Art Director on *YOUNG MR. PITT* (1941), *CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS* (1949), and the various anthologies of Somerset Maugham stories. More recently, he worked on *THE QUIETEST MEMORANDUM*, *BIGGETT*, *ANNIE OF THE THOUSAND DALS* and *HIS BATTLE OF BRITAIN*.

In a way, it was surprising that a man with these credits should be involved on *LAND*, but it turned out to have been a pet project of his for several years. Appropriately, he had even been involved with Amicus in its formative years, as Art Director on Richard Lester's *IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE* (1962),

and he had just finished work on *TALES FROM BEYOND THE GRAVE*. In his office, Carter showed me the drawings he'd made prior to the start of production and explained the project's background.

About two years earlier, Amicus had been interested in filming *THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT*, but it had to be made for a budget of \$1,250,000. Carter's conception could have fit that limitation. He wanted to avoid Ray Harryhausen's animation techniques. Said Carter, "He can't do anything with hair or water, and the movements aren't smooth enough." Carter also referred to Harryhausen as "a luxury boy," in the sense that he could afford to have a matte shot reprocessed by the lab four or five times until it is totally satisfactory. Amicus wasn't in that position.

Carter's plan was to build the monsters full size, 7-8' tall and 14-15' long, with at least two men manipulating each one from the inside. Carter dismissed the Japanese approach to this technique as "just caricatures," and felt that if enough pains were taken in the manufacture and manipulation of these "full-sized skins," he could obtain movement that would be more natural than that of either animated models or decorated lifeforms. The original plan included filming on location in Scotland, where Carter would have a rock base on which he could construct a full-scale primitive landscape. Amicus, however, failed to initiate the project, probably because it was more elaborate than their shooting schedule could allow.

More recently, Amicus heads Max Rosenberg and Milton Subotsky appointed John Dark as Associate Producer, thus allowing Subotsky more time for reading and locating material. Last fall, Carter again approached Amicus with his plans. Dark was interested, but the budget had not changed. Of course, in the intervening two years prices had risen so much that it was now essentially a smaller sum. As a result, Carter had to "re-build the screenplay," and also re-conceive the production to fit these changed conditions, giving up Scotland and the full-sized creatures.

Instead, he designed smaller versions—puppets—that would be 3' tall and 6' long. This would allow him to build relatively miniature sets (20' x 20'), thus making the primitive landscape financially practical. Carter executed several large, color drawings of various action scenes which, along with his tightened budget, convinced the producers to proceed.

Carter then brought in Derek Meddings to supervise the special effects and Roger Tuckon to work on the creatures. Tuckon, said Carter, was especially good at textures, and was realistic enough to include such deformities as missing or misaligned teeth, rather than make the monsters physically perfect. Each model was manipulated by as many as three people, standing in specially dug trenches and controlling different aspects of its movement.

Unfortunately, with the men in the trenches, it wasn't possible to have the monsters charge each other or the humans, though it would have worked with the original plan to use full-scale construction. Therefore, they have to be killed before actually charging, with strategically placed foliage disguising the fact that they are, in a sense, rooted to the spot. In addition to these

models, a pterodactyl and a mosasaurus were built full size, as was the head and neck of a plesiosaurus that rises from the sea and devours a sailor.

Leaving Carter's office and workroom somewhat reluctantly, I returned to the woods. Connor was just finishing some shots of attacking natives, while workers transported the lighting equipment, a helicopter landed in a nearby field. In it was Robert Hodey, the head of Burroughs, Inc., which controls the author's estate, keeps a tight reign on the rights to his novels, insists on faithfulness to the stories and especially to the "Burroughs Philosophy," and was said to have money invested in the film.

Walking back to my car, I took the opportunity to wander around the otherwise deserted studio. What eventually would happen to venerable Shepperton? And to the British film industry? What, specifically, would happen to Maurice Carter's "Baby"? Turning the corner of one building, I spotted a greenish bulk lying on the ground—the full-sized Plesiosaurus head & neck, already discarded, some of its teeth nearly detached, now totally useless. With the movie still not completed, would this represent its fate and that of its new approach to special effects? Or was it a valid sign of confidence in the footage already shot? Certainly my own preference for Harryhausen's animated creatures had already been weakened by the explanations and confidence of the respected, highly professional Maurice Carter.

Although the quality of *THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT* remained unknown, a few general points were worth noting. First, Amicus Productions is still thriving, and making a major contribution to keeping Shepperton in operation. Second, the interest and determination of "mainstream" artists like Carter can do nothing but aid the quality and reputation of fantasy films in general. Third, between Pinewood and Shepperton, the only firm shooting was a fantasy-oriented one, while Pinewood was the site of the birth of *Young Frankenstein*, a new company and one geared solely to rivaling Amicus and Hammer. So, no matter what shape the industry is in, our genre clearly retains remarkable resilience. Fantasy-horror might even be the most reliable investment in a currently precarious arena of art and entertainment.

KLHff: Two of Maurice Carter's original paintings depicting scenes from *THE LAND THAT TIME FORGOT*.



THE BOUNDARY OF IMAGINATION by Wolf Rilla MEN, MYTHS, AND MONSTERS by Robert Bloch

...And other material relevant to the Science Fiction Film in the May 1974 issue of

ALGOL A MAGAZINE ABOUT SCIENCE FICTION

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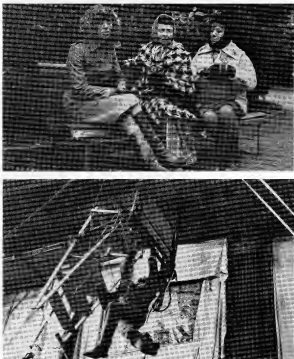
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serial pictorial

#2 THE MASKED MARVEL #6 ROBO'S FIGHTING LEGION
#3 DARKEST AFRICA #7 BECKETT AGENT I-9
#4 SPY SMASHER #8 Entire issue covers
#5 DRUMS OF MU MANCHU ROY BARCROFT

Below these Publications
Box 6011, ultra touch-9
Miami, Florida 33144 USA \$1.25 each. Foreign, \$2 by air.

BELOW: *Vision, in all senses, is the central image of DON'T LOOK NOW.* Here, Julie Christie (left) recalls the drowning of her daughter as billed payoffs Hilary Mason (center) and her sister, Claudia Martini, Eileen, RUTH DON'T LOOK NOW, struggling for life 15 years after the scaffolding in a Venetian church mysteriously collapses beneath him.



(Continued from page 10)
of drowning John was only a wish during this
bawling, a sign of its otherworldly. They red into a
repeated picture showing a red cross, suggesting the
further alienation of their relationship.

The actor's bedroom is marked by mirrors, and we
saw that they, however, are able to go beyond the
drowning of images. Like Alice, through the
looking glass. In fact, the mirrors of the film do shake
into invisibility, into the form of glass, which becomes a
symbol for the veil between the physical and spiritual
worlds. The reflecting glass of mirrors becomes a
transparent view into the beyond.

We have already mentioned John's closing of the
eastern window as an attempt to shut out the child
seen from beyond the green and the almost comfort of
the "window" God is supposed to open when He does a
deed. In fact, the film's opening image of the pond is cut
by a close-up of what will later prove to be the kneeling,
translucent glass of the Director's Venetian headquarters.
Just as the glass suggests a glimpse into the other
world, so does the glass seem a boundary between the
new world, a dividing line all too easily shattered when
the world's child, John's wife, takes into a pair of
glass just before his own drowning, and the following scene in
the church moves with slow and sensitive flow down
through a pane of glass before it destroys John's scaffold.
Immediately afterward the priest studies mosaic tiles
underfoot as he leads John out of church. And, most
significantly, at the very end, John in his death throes
looks out a glass transparent with his last-to-go beyond
the veil himself.

Slow therefore acts as a separator in the film, as the
boundary between two worlds. The actions of dead children
are significantly framed in glass, for they are "beyond."
The expression to the John's picture with
Christie—comes at a time when he has been hurt in an
accident, seemingly forewarned. In the scene, the silent

withness, already mentioned, to John's final breath watch
him behind glass in windows, and John himself begins
his final journey when the last glass door is shut and
locked behind him, the message's window on the
home's being closed further reinforces the impossibility of
John's coming back once he has crossed the boundary.

More works in this film as liquid glass, it is so
much a symbol of life, or it is usually in a symbol of life
beyond. The water imagery in the film falls the same roles
as glass: it acts as reflective, opaque, and window to
another world. The pond serves as the instrument of
Christie's death, but it also suggests her passage beyond.
Water, therefore, becomes associated with death for the
Baxters and the glimpse we see of their living home in
England shows in rain; just as it has been doing when
Christie dies. At the moment of his death, in fact, Laura
is busy looking up an answer to Christie's question why,
if the world is round, ponds flow flat in connection
between water and glass. Suggestively, the title of the
book she has been looking through is *Deeper the Purple*.
Governing of Space. The pond, and water in general,
seems the tangent between the "bright" world of reality
and the round, equally real, world of the beyond. When
John leaps into the pond after Christie, he figuratively
has given in to the intuition he has felt, too late. He pulls
Christie up from the water, to save her, to keep her from
"coming over." The camera shows the action three times
in agonized slow motion, but he cannot retrieve his
daughter.

Water, then, is associated with Christie's death and
John's "dive," but it soon becomes associated with the
world as well, from the time that the red liquid starts
seeping the slide, to later when we see her reflected in it as
she runs along the oval's edge. Her return, quite rightly,
is disrupted up from the murky water depths just as the
camera reminds us with a flashback Christie was To
further improve the association, Rong juxtaposes actual
water reflections of Christie and the dwarf. When John

first sees the redoubled dwarf, he is standing on a bridge
peering into the water, and a bassinet carries a pen of
water onto the bank, nearly revealing as of the rain just
before Christie died. People are constantly shown in
translucent reflections, Laura, Christie, perhaps suggesting
their connection with the other world. When Laura spots
the redwater table, the clear liquid dripping to the floor
around us again of the dripping rain. Laura battles while
John showers in the scene and then later, when he
has seen the message, and it's water off a duck's
back too him.

In addition to these symbols, Rong makes highly
effective use of colors as vehicles for meaning. Colors
brown, dark colors suggest the muddy and murky
world, while red suggests the world beyond.

Off season Venice is only too real with its black
tones of tan and brown buildings bleached of this color.
The Baxters' clothing too reflects the present reality:
John and Laura wear dark, predominantly, and the
fate of their households, the hospital, and the police
station share this somber hue. Laura is carried out of the
nursery wrapped in a gray blanket.

In a world of dark colors, red stands out with
terrifying distinctness, and Rong has his audience actively
looking for the color shortly after the film starts.
Christie is dressed completely in red and the plays with a
redoubled white, laid on an otherwise gray-grey dark
landscape. The visual connection is immediately
established between her and the redoubled figure in
John's slide. When he pulls water onto the slide, the red
from the hood comes out it covers the picture. Moving
liquids become associated with the persistence of the two
worlds—even to the swirling deep into which are the
setting for the final chase. Only when it is too late for
red has been John's "warning" does the red become a light
blue, the color of the pansy. As John lifts Christie's
lifeless body from the pond, the red of his mask fills the
frame, and a poignant close-up of his sudden
redoubled feet being lifted from the water once again
shows the slide and his face. Laura looks outside just
light red flowers, and her shock ends the sequence.
Right from the beginning, then, red connotes several
things in the movie's mind: death, blood, mystery,
warning. In *PERFORMANCE*, Rong used red to signal
disparity and rebellion. In the film's language, all these
connotations become fused and reinforced.

Later, when Laura has felt several violent convulsions in
the dark acknowledgment of Christie's "contact" with
them, they can't red before the slide, another example of
mystic faith. Later in the film, red becomes associated with
the bathtub's function (this sliding and closer one) and a
suggestion of the second sign the water up to the light of
a red valve handle at the precise moment when John is
being murdered.

Red continues to appear whenever there is a
suggestion of warning or psychic breakthrough. Heister
fills a night red light (Christie's death) and his
pocket before the scene, and the camera's quick shot of
the woman's feet under the table shows them covered in
red John's attempt to "save" Laura—we presume he
saves psychic intervention and wants to prevent this
bloody, significantly, by a man in a red bathrobe, before
when John comes John's color finally hanging off the
bell for the camera perhaps also suggests a half-tempter
at once.

We almost wonder at times whether Rong has thrown
some of these things out indiscriminately to show us, since
he playfully uses (though indirectly with skillful
integration) typical film suspense devices like footprints in
the dirt, a chase through the fog, a flashlight across
the landscape, a series of close-ups, and so on. But, if we
accord in the church, finally appearing with red objects
(the stained glass, the cartable, a cloth on the ground
visible only when John hangs perilously suspended over it,
the red in the mosaic, the red in the water, the red in
warning note that is an unconscious catharsis. Nothing
outside John can see him but himself—he is the "Dino
contact" of the Director Christie and he and
the bathrobe stand in front of the slide after the film. It is
himself who is two men close together, and it is his own
memories that project him to his death. The church
accident has been a red herring all right, not as John's
condemnation by the church, but as the church's own
school shows him under a small lantern, and that he was
hurt in a fire drill, for though John walks away from the
church screaming that his wife "was warned," neither
accident nor outcome is that of clearly after the warning. It is
the end up having caused his red death. When we look the
half-run, half-fall postscript of the witches in Macbeth
which is the "strength of this situation," lead him on to
his confusion.

Red of course does not actually exist in the
dwarf John, who wears a redoubled coat similar to
Christie's red mask. When John first sees her figure, a
bright red light on a darkstone over the canal further
emphasizes the blood of death. As we mentioned, as
Laura becomes increasingly involved with the two sisters,
her clothing increasingly suggests this sympathy. If not
understanding, moving from simple dark blue to dark
brown, and light red, it suggests her loss and her
loss is never completely enveloped in red like she is in

Dullman's story), one supposes, because she doesn't have the gift? She is a believer but still an outsider (overlook her pleading after Hester's death, "What did she say? What did she say?"). John's awkward, half-hearted bid to help her in her dark quest, and her subsequent, equally unenthusiastic, as does the tale's red eye) the keys to John during their work. "I wish I didn't have to believe in things!" Only at the end, with a final baptism in blood, will John accept what he had rejected, and the funeral cottage a barked high with red flowers.

The church, too, figures largely in *Don't Look Now*. A detail set in his scene. Roger obviously it thinks as a symbol for faith and belief in things beyond those we can see, but it comes off as a shallow and hollow artifact in *DON'T LOOK NOW*. John and Laura display no religious belief the night as her for immediately leaving the bishop's ring, but they keep trying to keep beyond these we can see, but it should be that doesn't work? (as far from John restores churches—it's his job, but he may be unconsciously seeking understanding of forces which he cannot. But won't admit that. Laura's religious belief the church comes in thanks for Hester's message, but she doesn't really know why, except that she "wants to." Though John is reluctant to give her money for church and weekly view in some chapel, saying the church is "big," he echoes Laura's vision by flicking on and off an electric bulb which illuminates an area. Moments later his dislike is dispensed when he "hates" the "same" presence there, and he significantly tells about a share of anger to avoid meeting them. Churches, in fact, form the background for a good number of the scenes in *DON'T LOOK NOW*, and it's difficult to know how to read John's position in church under Christ's eye. Is it punishment for his lack of faith?

If it is, the church's members are no help. The bishop on the floor is a central man who shows little concern for the church he oversees, and he puts off John's important questions regarding the restoration with the remark that "Christians belong to God, but the bishop's aim is care about them." He has already suggested the possibility of his having second sight, but he has no ordinary response as he fails to act when he wakes at the moment of John's death. He puts out the light (is faith?) just as John is in the church. The bishop is shown administering the duties in an office rather than in church, and his canopy, wooden blessing over the altar, and his vestments are little to suggest authority for the bishop's position. He, in fact, strikes away a priest who comes to him with a cross (already found in a restaurant).

The church John restores is St. Nicholas of the Beggers. St. Nicholas, the bishop presents, is the patron of children and scholars (Christine and John) who, according to legend, resurrected three children who had been placed in jail by a wicked father. We almost see this perform in John's attempt to rescue Christine from the "brine," and it is no doubt guilt feelings which prompt him to try to rescue the child who figure he thinks is being removed by the father. In fact, it throws a curious slant on the film to consider that John meets his doom by trying to rescue someone—the tries to rescue Christine, the tries to rescue Laura when she is at the scene, he tries to rescue Laura when he thinks the two sisters have her "in their power," which keeps him in Venice as he's about to leave, and finally he tries to rescue the dwarf? His attempt at reconciliation (with his daughter?) is shown in his repeated place in the figure "not to be afraid," "that he is an angel."

Churches tell, then, as barriers of defense, for John's

first view of the horror comes in the midst of the church, and though the actors claim to be religious, not wanting to put on a screen to "disrupt the good Lord's dead for our amusement," they do finally agree to it. Perhaps St. Nicholas is really Old Nick in disguise, just as the innocent Christine becomes transformed into a red-eyed devil.

At any rate, a shortness of vision spell does in *DON'T LOOK NOW*. Not only we think Laura when they say for Roger she's near just what they "see." The pieces of experience may be shared into some kind of enlightening letters so that we can find the meaning of existence we read William S. Burroughs, it is not an ending, at least, at least it is not. In THE MAINTENANCE, Robert Wise tells us that "if we do our minds to the supernatural, we're likely to get the doors opened right off their hinges." In *DON'T LOOK NOW*, the message is seriously simple: Heaven is not enough to account for things, and the understanding is provided is superficial at best, though not only so, they also are.

—James D. Ward

FOOTNOTES

¹In PERFORMANCE, Masha Kinder and Berne Houston panic out (Close-Up, a Critical Perspective on Film, New York, 1972, p. 371), when Chas adds what Turner wrote, "Prayer implies." "Maybe a little more," he last but not least.

²Golden Gate, "Don't Look Now," *Film and Filmmaking* November 1973, p. 45.

ADS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

Fans interested in the career of Peter Cushing will want to contact Ms. Debbie Bennett, 353 Plymouth Blvd., Smithtown, N.Y. 11787 for details about THE AMERICAN PETER CUSHING CLUB.

Information about the ROBERT QUARRY INTERNATIONAL CLUB can be obtained by sending an S.A.S.E.

to Ms. Carol Ballanga, 5928 Painters Street, New Orleans, La. 70122.

Trace the history of fantasy film magazines & keep up-to-date with new titles in THE TERATOID GUIDE. PHOTON highly recommends this listing of over 350 magazines and addresses of articles on genre films. \$4 available for \$2 from Claude D. Plum, Jr., Box 531, Hollywood, Calif. 90028

Classified advertising in PHOTON is a good way to reach fans and collectors. One dollar per column line (33 typewritten characters).

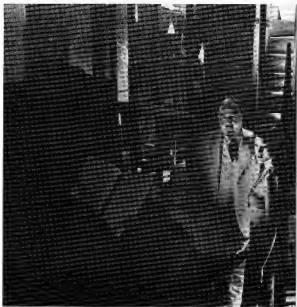
COMING IN FUTURE ISSUES: Symbolism in the GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN by Frank DeLo Stritto; interview with Christopher Lee by Ronald V. Borst; A series of interviews by Mark & Susan McGee, including Pamela Franklin, Herman Cohen, White Bissell and Jack Arnold.

(continued from page 33)

FRANKENSTEIN), the results were splendid. Thus, at the very least Kenton is responsible for this film's unrelenting harshness and, in retrospect, seems to have been the ideal choice as director.

ISLAND OF LOST SOULS was completed in November, 1932, and was first planned as a "Christmas Special." Paramount wisely had second thoughts of pushing the film as a holiday treat, and postponed release until January, 1933. The critics praised the film's qualities, but rejected its almost nihilistic brutality. Variety predicted the film would do good business, and the early box-office returns were promising but soon serious problems developed. The censors of the mid-western states, who had effectively kept FREAKS and even FRANKENSTEIN out of many theatres did the same to LOST SOULS. England, much to Wells' satisfaction, banned the film, along with FREAKS, entirely for 30 years. New Zealand, and several other small, but choice, areas also banned the film from all theatres and whether or not the film was able to make money under these restrictions, I do not know. But quite a few years passed before Paramount would again "dabble in things men was meant to leave alone."

RIGHT: Director Eric C. Kenton refers to his script as Charles Laughton & Kathleen Burke look on



REVERBERATIONS

I'm afraid Mark McGee's attack on bad horror films is a bit too scathing to have a maximum effect. I have, at one time or another, identified completely with every gripe he voices, but he pours it on a little thick. I'm afraid he needs a little of the subtlety he finds lacking in some films. At times he lets his sense of humor make his point, but too often he gets carried away and descends into some very bitter rambling (i.e., Michael Gough's acting). I would take issue with his analysis of THE INNOCENTS. He seems to prefer a rational explanation of supernatural phenomena on the grounds that audiences will accept it, yet most people think of it as a ghost story, and consider the psychological a cop-out (or cheat-o). I would have preferred that the screenwriters had at least left the decision up to us (ghosts or sexual hysteria) as the novel did. However, most of McGee's points are well taken and perceptive, especially his observation that some of the best horror films are made by people not associated with the genre. Perhaps the more reason for this is that since the horror field is notoriously low-budget, a larger percentage of exploitive hacks who can't work on bigger films flounder here. And whenever a "name" director ventures into the horror genre the resulting film usually does place an emphasis on character development, believability and audience satisfaction. Sadly, these come by only once in awhile, but we still have good old "experts" (sag) like Amicus, AIP and Hammer churning out the staple horror crap crop. Interestingly enough, their films have stood the test of time, photographic and satirical, as much as they are just plain all out-and-out BORING. I know several horror film fanatics who make a point of not going to these films, just on the weakness of the studio name. Indeed, you couldn't drag me into a Hammer film. (Now I'm getting carried away.) Anyway, the article had some important things to say, but whether or not the information gets effectively passed on will depend on a less biting and more professional approach to constructive criticism.

Prod Juddena
San Diego, California

As the maker of SCHLOCK, I feel that I am in a rather unique position to comment on Mark McGee's "Why Are Horror Movies So Awful?"

I must disagree that a good script means a good film, and a bad screenplay automatically makes a bad film. I have learned long ago that every film's success or failure can come from an uncredited source (i.e. the failed film editor or salvager or even creating a

scene from assorted footage). The only absolute in regards to film is that there are no absolutes. Other than that (and the fact that he knocked a couple of movies I've always been partial to), "Why Are Horror Movies So Awful?" is one of the best articles on the genre that I have ever read. A perceptive, realistic and tasteful piece, a delight to read.

Keep up the good work.

John Landis
Los Angeles, California

"Capsule Reviews" was very interesting. Beginning with the first review I began to feel sick, but by the time AAR OF THE WORLDS came around I was nauseated and fighting mad. Mr. Condon Hanson & Mr. Phillip-Edwin Strong III may know a lot about horror films, but they sure don't know a good one when they see one. But, to each his own. I wish them luck on their new book. Hell knows, I won't buy it.

James J. MoShane III
North Bellmore, N.Y.

The Hanson-Strong blurbs were, for me, a waste of space. They seem to have no feeling for film, nor understanding of the genre. Just who the hell are they to set themselves up as God? I feel their bristling contempt for this kind of thing.

Patrick B. Congress
San Antonio, Texas

[The above two letters represent those readers who took our satirical reviews seriously. In fact, the majority of those who wrote took them seriously! Last issue's editorial anticipated this problem, though I apologize for any confusion over our "Capsule Reviews."--MF]

Congratulations on your special 10th Anniversary item, the priceless tongue-in-cheek send-up "Capsule Reviews."

Widors Condon Hanson & Phillip-Edwin Strong III (from their Boston Estate) have captured with rare skill all that is smug, affected, insensitive, mis-informed, intolerant and arrogant in the real capsule reviews of selfish writers, with which fantasy film fans have had to cope during ten years of Magazine proliferation.

Carry On Parodying:

Vernon Swadford
Hawthorn, Victoria, Australia

PHOTON is beautiful. Layout is artistic, articles are informative and interesting, and the concept is excellent and well executed. However, I did not write just to state the obvious. After reading the

critique of 2001 by David Macdonell, I thought that many PHOTON readers would be interesting in acquiring some items available.

Almost every article on 2001 mentions as reference the 3 pieces in *The American Cinematographer*: "Filming 2001," "Front Projection in 2001," and "Creating Special Effects for 2001." (This last written by Douglas Trumbull). The third June issue has no longer available, the articles can be obtained as reprints along with others covering various aspects of filming, for \$5. Write to their business office, 4442 N. Orange Dr., Hollywood, Ca 91608.

The souvenir program (with color photos and text) are available for \$1.50 from: Souvenir Book Publishers, 147 S. 42nd St., New York, N.Y. 10036.

A. Aspromonte
New York, N.Y.

Here are a few comments, since they seem called for, on Dale Winogura's piece, "The Auteur in Science Fiction."

I could go along with Winogura's declaration providing there is a slight rephrasing of the word "auteur" to mean a collaborative medium, but without a good leader--the director--many collaborative enterprises are doomed."

Certainly, ordinary material can be made a thrust, an entry by some man sufficiently endowed which it couldn't receive at the hands of another. An "imaginative treatment," though, can come from any quarter, not just from the province of the director/auteur.

Winogura says most fans approach the genre from a literary standpoint, which is as may be. He then goes on to approach certain specific films from a directorial standpoint when their success or excellence depends more on non-directorial aspects. For example: production design & literary resonances--THINGS TO COME; cast & production values--20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA; novelistic, documentary stylization--THE ANDROMEDA STRAIN; script & fx--THIS ISLAND EARTH; fx & music--THE 7th VOYAGE OF SINBAD; idea & stock footage--THE MONUMENTS MEN; and for the "lines" and selections, knowing just where to say such and such is or is not a sci-fi film is a tricky business. Some of Winogura's inclusions seem arbitrary. Anyway, let's throw some oil on the fire by including a few more foreign names. I suggest the following, the it will be interesting to see what other fans come up with, and just how many fans are interested in discovering an auteurship potential in SF film directors:

Roy Ward Baker (MOON ZERO TWO), John Boorman (2001), David Butler (JUST IMAGINE), Alan Dean (THE MOST DANGEROUS ALIVE), Maurice Elvey (TRANSATLANTIC TUNNEL), Felix Folst (DELUGE), Gene Fowler, Jr. (I MARRIED A MONSTER FROM OUTER SPACE), John Frankheimer (SECONDS), Jean-Luc Godard (ALPHAVILLE), Lambert Hillyer (THE INVISIBLE RAY).

Inoshiro Honda (numerous films), Lucien Hubbard (MYSTERIOUS ISLAND),

David Pasko
Brooklyn, N.Y.



